

The Elks

Magazine

MARCH,
1934

EASTERN
EDITION



A New Florian Slappey Story by Octavus Roy Cohen

☆ WHAT MAKES A GOOD JULEP? ☆



CONNOISSEURS may argue heatedly on whether or not the mint in a julep should be crushed.

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TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
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MARCH, 1934

General Features

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN	
<i>Stars and Tripes . . .</i>	5
EARL CHAPIN MAY	
<i>Drowned Gold and Buried Treasure . . .</i>	8
CAST AND BROADCAST	
<i>By Phillips Coles . . .</i>	11
BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS AND ON THE SCREEN	
<i>By Esther R. Bien . .</i>	12
ODGERS T. GURNEE	
<i>Crow Bait</i>	14
FRANK BRADY	
<i>One Great Adventure</i>	17
BEDE ARMSTRONG	
<i>The Culbertson Four- Five No Trump Con- vention</i>	19

This Month

ALL the glamor of the Blue Grass Section of Old Kentucky, and of the splendid thoroughbreds that are born and raised there, will be found in Odgers Gurnee's story, "Crow Bait." In it you will also find a thrilling account of a gallant colt, of a race he ran, and of a bitter feud between two typical representatives of the aristocratic poor and the newly rich South.



Odgers T. Gurnee

Next Month

IN next month's number, two writers who are new to THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be introduced. One is Clarence Cisin, whose story "A New Deal for New Cranford," will be found thoroughly entertaining. It has to do with a row between an unscrupulous small-town mayor and his sworn enemy, the local business magnate. It also tells of a baseball game which had unique and highly diverting consequences.

The second author is Gordon Wallace McCathie. His story is entitled "Where Life Begins." Florida's famous orange groves provide the setting. The central character is a struggling young cultivator who is determined to make good in spite of the heavy odds which both nature and humans place in his path.



News of Elkdom

Grand Exalted Ruler, <i>Official Circular No. 7</i>	4
Editorials	20
Under the Spreading Antlers, <i>News of the Subordinate Lodges.</i>	22
Candidates for Grand Lodge Office	27
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	27
Elkdom Outdoors	30
Cross-Word Puzzle	32

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Official Circular Number Seven

*To the Members of the Benevolent
 and Protective Order
 of Elks:*

*1412 Northern Life Tower
 Seattle, Washington
 February 15, 1934*

DEAR BROTHERS:

This communication will be read in the subordinate Lodges during the ten-day period that will be observed in commemoration of the birth of our Order. As an Institution, we were born on February 16, 1868. Since that time we have grown into a great Fraternal Organization, wielding an influence not only upon the lives of more than a half million members, but also upon the lives of all who comprise the communities in which our Lodges exist.

That influence makes for good citizenship, for we teach in our Ritual, and exemplify in our ceremonies, love of and loyalty to our Country and its institutions. That influence also makes for the development of toleration, for the practice of our motto must of necessity bring us closer together, thus enabling us to see that there is virtue in the life of each and an honest effort to live in accordance with high ideals. And that influence likewise makes for a generosity not only of the heart but also of the hand. I hope that our whole membership may be inspired by an appropriate reflection upon these things during this week, and that there may be an exhibition of the spirit of cooperation, and a determination to carry on, to the end that we may not only preserve the Order, but also pass it on to our successors with an increased power and influence for good.

The Kansas City Convention

It will not be long now until there will commence an active preparation for attendance upon our next National Convention to be held in Kansas City. Situated as the convention city is, in the heart of America, and of easy access to so many Lodges, there should be a generous outpouring of the members of the Order to enjoy the hospitality of an hospitable city and its people, to benefit from the unexcelled opportunity to contact the leaders of the Order, and to participate in the important deliberations of the Grand Lodge. The Exalted Ruler of the Lodge is, by virtue of his office, the official representative of his Lodge, but every Past Exalted Ruler is also a member of the legislative body of the Order, and has a right to take part in its deliberations. Do not neglect the duty of assisting in determining our national policies, for your ideas may be the very ones necessary to lead us to greater achievements.

Selection of Lodge Officers

Remember that this year there is in effect a change in the law relative to the selection of officers in the Subordinate Lodges. Nominations cannot be made in February, as heretofore, but must be made during the month of April. The election must be held at the first regular meeting of the Lodge in May, and the installation of officers will occur at the first regular meeting in June. When the time comes, exercise with care the powers conferred upon you in connection with the selection of your officers. Endeavor to secure the most capable leaders in your Lodge, since success or failure will depend in a great degree upon their vision and capabilities. It is your own welfare that is paramount, and you will be performing a fraternal duty if you act according to that ideal.

Returns of Lodges

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries must not let the change in the date fixed for the nomination, election and installation of officers confuse them in respect to the filing of annual reports with the Grand Secretary. Such reports must be filed on or before the first day of May, as usual. The regulations governing the making of the annual reports remain unchanged. Section 137, Grand Lodge Statutes, after stating that the form of the report shall be furnished by the Grand Secretary, continues:

"This report shall be signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary, with the seal of the Lodge attached, and shall be accompanied with a certified check, draft or money order payable to the order of the Grand Secretary in full of all indebtedness of the Lodge to the Grand Lodge."

Preparations should be made now looking toward the carrying out of these provisions. The matter should not be left until the last minute, for the statutes of our Order contain express provisions for penalizing the Lodge that is delinquent in the performance of this duty.

Our Membership Record

In all of my official circulars I have urged the appointment of committees to assist in building up our record of membership. These committees should be especially diligent now that the record will be completed about six weeks hence. What is not accomplished prior to April first must go over and become a part of the record of my successor. Prevent the lapsation of membership through non-payment of dues whenever possible. Let the reinstatement of members continue diligently. Leave nothing undone to bring new members into the Order. Put forth the last supreme effort to make the showing in respect to increase in membership the best possible.

My Visitations to Subordinate Lodges

I have remained constantly in the field, in my endeavor to contact as many of our subordinate Lodges and their members as possible, and I shall continue to carry on the same program. Unfortunately, I am prevented from doing all that I would like by the necessity of attending to certain matters of administration which must claim my attention. The Lodges which I cannot visit, I hope may be visited by my successor, but I shall do everything that I possibly can to make the personal contact with those that have been visited the greatest inspiration. If those Lodges which I have been able to visit will capitalize the interest engendered by my visitations, I am certain that a fine result will be accomplished. For this reason let me urge upon you to carry on. Do the best that you can for your Order, and I will have no fear of the results.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor



Turgid was desperate. "But Mistuh — listen: Does I close up my night club right away like that Ise gwine be positively ruini"

Stars and Tripes

BIRMINGHAM'S Darktown, which had considered itself immune to social excitements, staggered under the impact to Ramon Zorilla—and humbly paid tribute to Florian Slappey, who had imported him.

Mr. Slappey, alone and lonesome in Havana, had paid two pesos for the privilege of attending the fight show at the Arena Colon. He dozed through the two preliminaries, but rubbed his eyes interestedly when Ramon Zorilla climbed through the ropes to do battle in the semi-final. Florian, who himself was not particularly hard on the eyes, recognized instantly that Señor Zorilla was without doubt the handsomest specimen of colored manhood he had ever seen.

Mr. Slappey gazed with awe and admiration at the lithe, bronzed body; at the broad shoulders and slender waist; at the smoothly rippling muscles and the lean flanks of Señor Zorilla, and then Mr. Slappey emitted a bit of Birmingham,

Alabama vernacular. He said, audibly: "Hot diggity dawg!" And he meant it.

It was inconceivable that a colored gentleman could be so handsome and also have pugilistic ability. The opponent was dark and evil and heavily muscled. Mr. Slappey was overcome by a deep sympathy. He almost decided

to leave the arena, preferring not to witness the utter ruination of Señor Zorilla's classic features.

The gong sounded. Easy and graceful as a panther, Señor Zorilla advanced to meet his squat and scowling foe. He was on his toes; eager, alert, watchful. The other fighter rushed in, swinging wildly. Ramon's left flashed out—lightly—with the speed and accuracy of a snake's head. Then, quite suddenly, came the end. Ramon's right, held carefully in reserve, curled against that portion of his opponent's jaw which is known to the cognoscenti as "the button." The black gentleman's head and feet changed places. The referee counted to ten in Spanish . . . and he could have counted by fractions. Señor Zorilla smiled charmingly, clasped gloved hands in acknowledgment of the thunderous applause, and vaulted the ropes.

Mr. Slappey sat motionless. His body was rigid, his eyes closed, his breathing irregular. As a matter of fact, Mr.

Slappey was in the throes of having an idea. An inspiration. A cataclysmic, epoch-making thought.

Indifferent to the pyrotechnic main bout, Mr. Slappey permitted his brain to function at top speed. Then he leaped to his feet, battled through the crowded arena, and sought Señor Zorilla.

He found that gentleman just emerging from his dressing room. Ramon's raiment was far from solomonic; it was, in fact, rather ragged, but even so he was a physical delight. Mr. Slappey, assuming his most superior and insouciant attitude, addressed Señor Zorilla and was rewarded with a golden smile and a flood of Spanish—not one word of which did the gentleman from Birmingham understand. Yet the language lent to Señor Zorilla the final touch of the exotic which Brother Slappey desired. Mr. Slappey had not yet become accustomed to hearing his dusky brethren of this island republic conversing fluently in a language which sounded to him like so much gibberish, and he contemplated raptly the effect such an amazing verbal display would have upon the socially elect of Birmingham's Darktown.

Señor Zorilla vanished. Mr. Slappey procured the services of a rather septic gentleman who could speak both Spanish and English, and through him learned Ramon's address. Then, accompanied by the interpreter, Florian travelled via ten-cent taxi to that congested suburb of Havana which is known as Jesus del Monte.

Mr. Slappey's inspiration had now assumed the proportions of a scheme. He had visions of untold wealth as the American manager of this bronze fighter: One hundred and sixty pounds of graceful body and glorious muscle; six feet of lithe grace and indomitable courage. Natural boxing ability and a dynamite punch. And color! Worlds of color! Those were the assets possessed by Ramon Zorilla which Mr. Slappey proposed to capitalize.

The rest was easy. Señor Zorilla was not merely delighted—he was hysterical with enthusiasm. Within twenty-four hours he had signed a contract with Mr. Slappey under the terms of which Florian was to take Ramon to the States, to pay all expenses, and to share, fifty-fifty, the gross receipts of his pugilistic activities. On the strength of that contract, plus Mr. Slappey's pleasing personality and an impressive number of traveler's checks, arrangements were made with the immigration authorities for Señor Zorilla to enter the States as the protégé of Brother Slappey.

Two afternoons later Messrs. Slappey and Zorilla landed at Key West, Florida. And less than forty-eight hours after that Mr. Slappey conducted his gold mine into the imminently respectable boarding house of Sis Callie Flukers on Avenue F and installed him in a tiny room. Then he sallied forth jauntily—twirling his malacca cane and strutting his spats—to notify Birmingham of the new sensation that had come amongst them.

II

MR. SLAPPEY was engaged in conversation with Turgid Watts. Compared with Turgid, the ace of spades was platinum blonde. He was half a head taller than Florian; broad of shoulder, deep of chest and shifty of eye. But he was as welcome as rain after a drought despite the fact that up to this moment Mr. Slappey had never been overly keen about him.

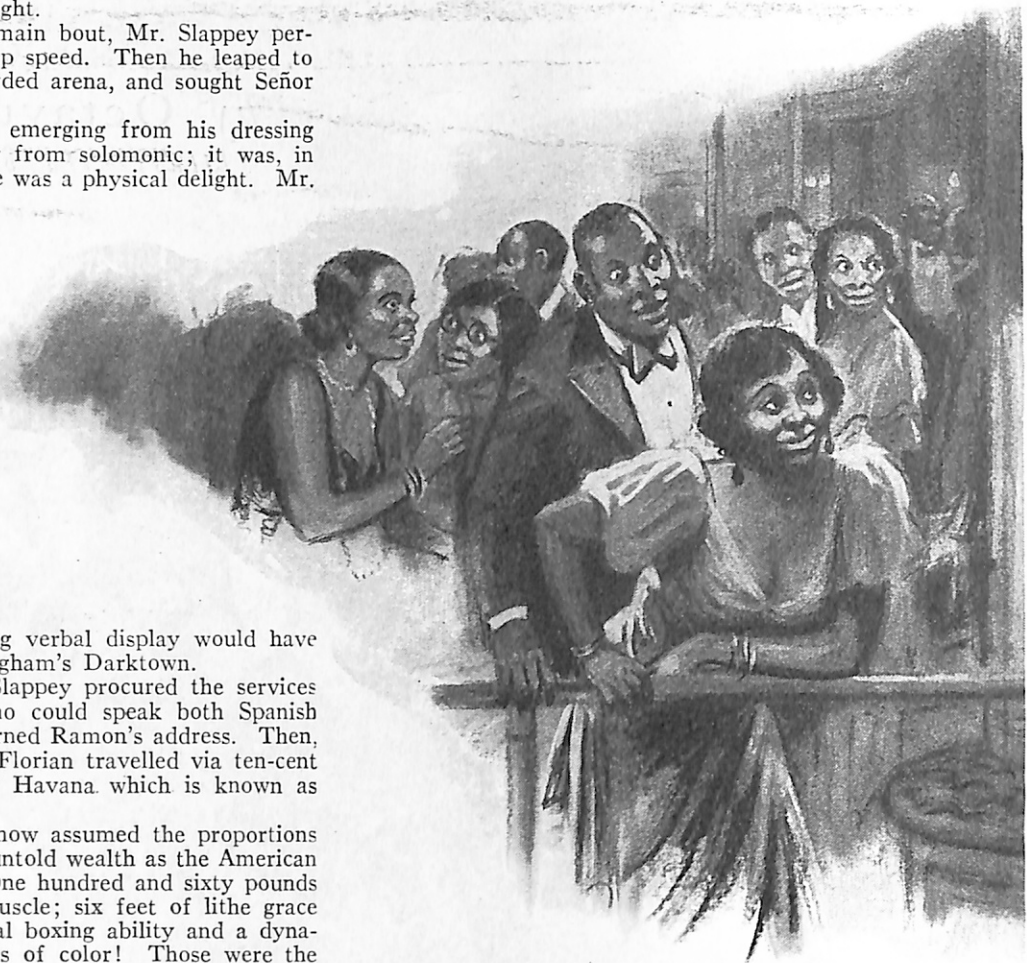
In the corner of the room sat Señor Zorilla, smiling in friendly fashion. He was garbed in a new suit, purchased for him by Mr. Slappey at a cost of fourteen dollars, and he seemed exceedingly proud of his new outfit. Meanwhile, Mr. Slappey was paying him no heed.

"Wa'n't you a chauffeur in Havana fo' two yeahts, Turgid?"

"Tha's the one thing I wasn't nothin' else but."

"Did you learn how to speak that language?"

"Feller, I jes' nachelly drip Cuban."



"Lemme heah you."

Turgid directed his attention to Ramon. Then he opened his lips and Spanish emerged: lots of Spanish. Ramon could have explained that Turgid's grammar was not of the best and that his misuse of genders was alarming—not to say embarrassing—but there was no question of his fluency. Mr. Slappey was convinced.

"Has you got a job, Turgid?"

Mr. Watts was canny. "Well, no . . . not ezactly."

"What you mean: Not ezactly."

"I could git one."

"Says you! I bet you coul'n't never git no job . . . 'ceptin' this."

"'Ceptin' which?"

"The one Ise offerin' you. Ise willin' to pay you ten dollars a week to interpret fo' me an' Ramon. What you say?"

Mr. Watts demurred. He claimed that a gentleman of his linguistic ability should receive more than ten dollars every seven days. But now Florian was dealing with his own kind: He knew Turgid intimately and disliked him intensely. He announced coldly that he had made his last and best offer and gave Mr. Watts five minutes to reach a decision. Turgid glanced with distaste at Mr. Slappey, with approval at Ramon, had an idea—and accepted Florian's offer.

Mr. Slappey beamed. He rubbed his hands together and paced the room. Then he addressed his two associates.

"Now we is set," he announced. "You-all watch things happen."

III

SEÑOR RAMON ZORILLA made his Birmingham début at a dance given by The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. His symmetrical figure was poured into a rented dress suit, and his classic features cast their full radiance upon a dazzled group of the Birmingham élite.

The dusky citizenry of the Alabama metropolis had survived many social novelties. Of clairvoyants, magicians,

The assembled guests left the floor two by two. They gathered along the side lines and watched avidly



aviators, crooners, orchestra leaders and dancers, it had known many . . . but Señor Zorilla was an ultimate touch. Here was a handsome young man; tall and keen and romantic, who not only spoke a foreign language fluently, but—what was more impressive—could not speak English at all.

Ramon's manners were gracious and charming. His voice was soft and musical. He was deferential and appreciative, and his mellow Spanish dazed those at whom he directed it. And when the orchestra, at Mr. Slappey's direction, dispensed the ancient but classic Peanut Vendor, Señor Zorilla really came into his own.

He chose as his partner Miss Madrilene Blutt, a comely damsel, who had been for many months the object of Turgid Watts' affections. Miss Blutt was light as a feather and graceful as a colored fawn . . . the result being that she followed the guidance of Ramon's muscular right arm and found

herself doing the *danzon* as it is supposed to be danced.

The assembled guests left the floor two by two. They gathered along the sidelines and watched. Ramon danced slowly and impressively, with grace and dignity—and without the amazing contortions of such hysterical concoctions as the Lindy Hop and Shim-Sham-Shimmy. He was not particularly well pleased with the musical tempo, but he did not criticize. He merely enjoyed himself and permitted the crowd to enjoy him.

The piece wailed to a conclusion and a thunder of applause swept the Lodge room. A covey of débutantes—and of the mothers and aunts of débutantes descended upon Señor Zorilla demanding to be danced with. The fathers, husbands and boy friends of these

members of the feminine gender smiled tolerantly and without the slightest suggestion of jealousy. They liked the stranger and were eager to see him have a good time.

Instantly Ramon was a social sensation. He seemed a trifle dazed at the success which had come to him so suddenly, but he wore his new diadem with charming modesty. Mr. Slappey was openly enthusiastic.

"Ain't he somethin', Turgid?"

"He's mo' than that," responded Mr. Watts. "Heaps mo'."

"Bumminham's crazy 'bout him," observed Florian.

"Sho' is," agreed Turgid. Then his eyes closed speculatively. "I ain't never seen nothin' like it."

Mr. Slappey waited several minutes. Then he spoke again: "Why is you sayin' nothin' so constant, Turgid? What's the matter?"

And Mr. Watts replied—somewhat vaguely: "Ain't nothin' the matter, Brother Slappey. Ise thinkin'—tha's all. Just thinkin'."

IV

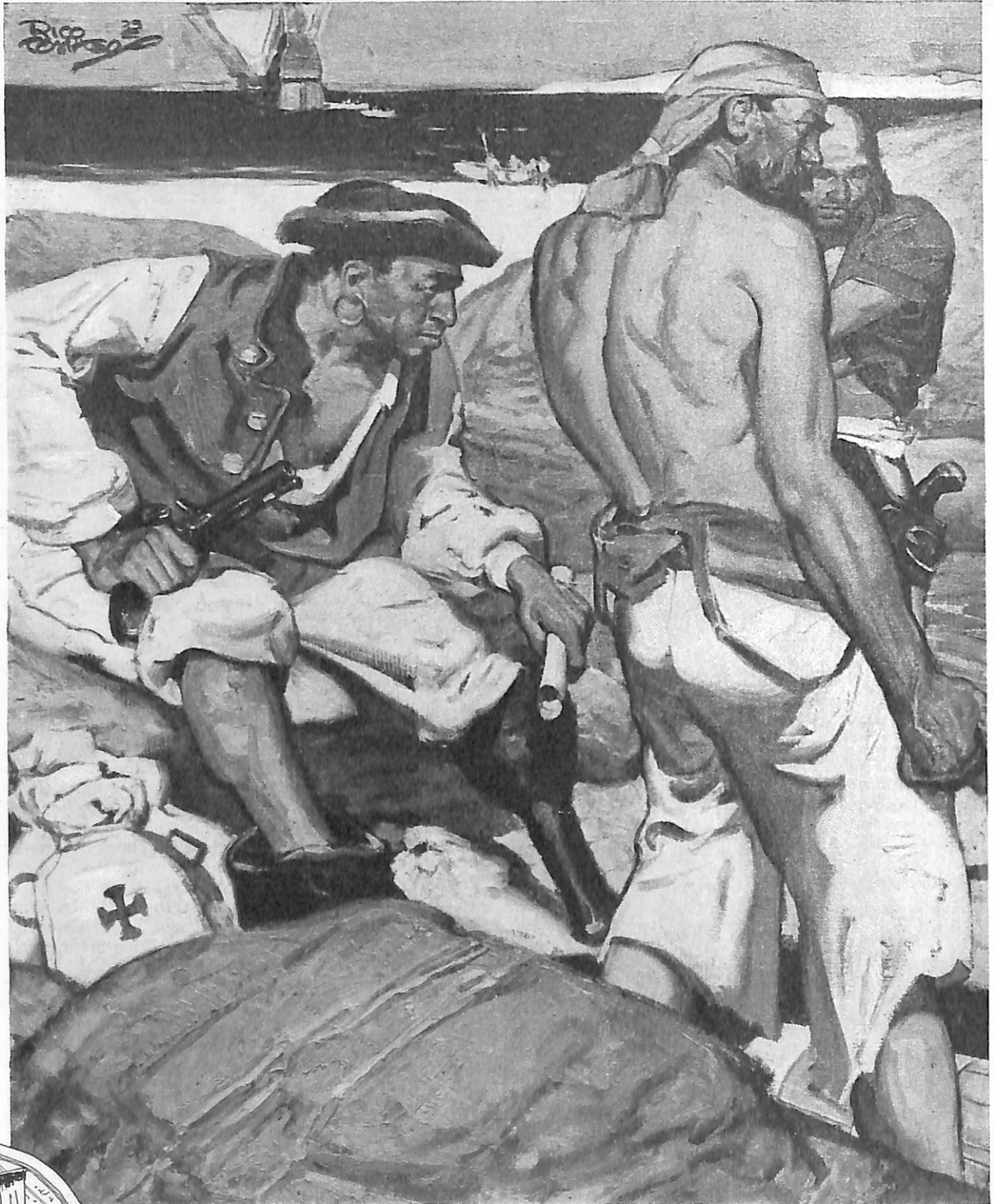
THE social career of Señor Ramon Zorilla in and about Birmingham was a thing of glory. In the weeks which followed his début he was the recipient of attentions from designing mamas and eager daughters. He was not only welcomed at parties: great parties were given in his honor.

Accompanied always by Turgid Watts, who was indispensable because of Ramon's linguistic shortcomings, Señor Zorilla was the center of attraction.

In Cuba, the lithe, bronze young man had been no particular shakes socially. Here, transported into a new and dazzling world, he found himself more impressed than those who gathered to pay tribute. He was suave and courteous; his manners had a charm absorbed from jobs under white gentlemen of Castilian descent. And he danced!

Birmingham—in common with the rest of the United States—had survived the rumba craze. Señor Zorilla revived it . . . but not in its known form. Through (*Continued on page 32*)

Drowned Gold and



by Earl Chapin May

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

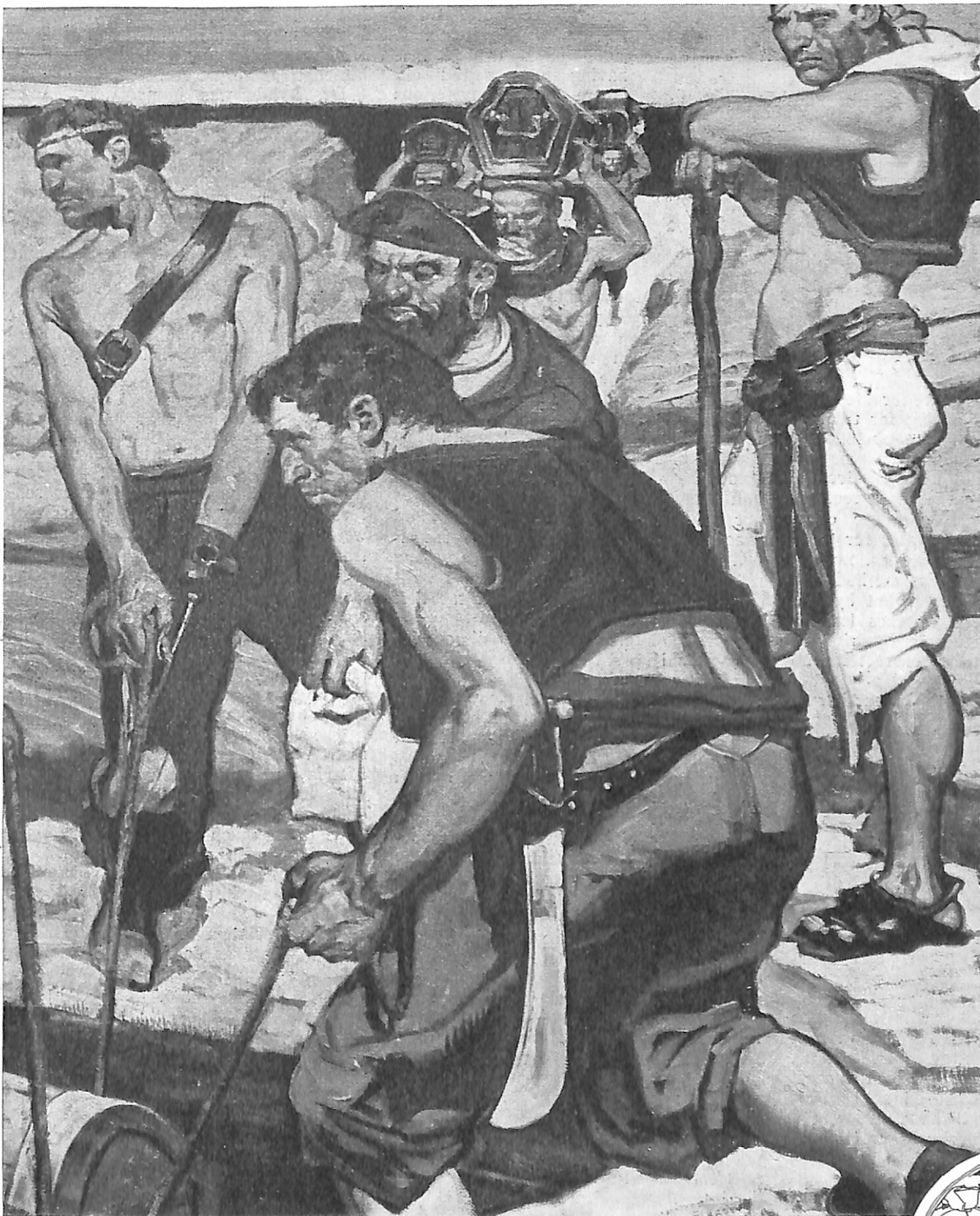
WARPING alongside an English wharf the Italian salvage ship, "Artiglio II" discharges a cargo of \$960,000 in gold, recovered from 400 feet of water off the coast of Brittany. The cargo is promptly loaded on a train and dispatched to a

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London bank for safe keeping while the "Artiglio II" returns to a buoy-marked spot, thirty miles from the nearest land, to send its grabhooks down again to the shattered wreck of the liner, "Egypt," which sank with \$5,000,000 in its strong room eleven years ago.

After three years of ingenious and heroic effort during which one ship has been wrecked and thirteen men killed, the Italian salvagers have cut through five steel decks into the steel strong room and are rapidly reaping their reward, which is fifty-seven per cent of what they retrieve. With the aid of a new fangled

Buried Treasure

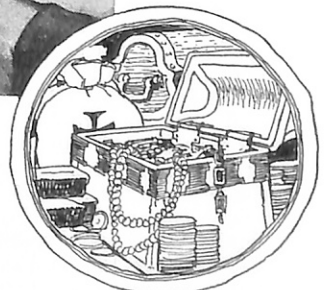


steel bottle or diving bell, high explosives and acetylene torches, these Italian salvagers have worked at a greater depth than heretofore known in the history of recovering "drowned gold" from the sea.

While they clean up the last of \$5,000,000 in spite of storms and other acts of God, the veteran inventor, Simon Lake, "father of the submarine," is preparing to descend to the wreck of the "Lusitania," on a stairway within an inclined tube to determine whether there is really \$6,000,000 of bullion and other valuables in the liner which has lain in 225 feet of water since a German sub sank it, during the World War, near Ireland.

As this is written, other divers, in a newly invented steel cabinet or chamber, are examining the shell encrusted wreck of the "Merida" which has been lying in 218 feet of water off the Virginia coast since 1911 with millions of money, plate and Mexican jewels on board. While they work Coast Guard boats protect them from hi-jackers.

Adventurous members of the human race will go deeper and deeper for sunken gold, for silver bars, jewels and other treasure





trove of the sea. But marine operations to recover millions are for a few well trained specialists. Hunting for treasure buried on *land* is a sport to be followed by anyone equipped with imagination, energy, machinery and money. Because the two Americas are the more recently settled our Western Hemisphere offers the most alluring opportunities for turning scenery into quick fortunes, not by the painstaking, orthodox methods of placer and deep lode miners but by discovering and uncovering caches left by dead and gone pirates or by rightful owners. He is a strong character who can resist such hunting.

From Nova Scotia to Bolivia and from the West Indies to the Pacific Islands optimists have long looked for buried treasure, left in queer places and under odd circumstances during the past three centuries. If the masses of money expended fruitlessly to unearth masses of money, or its equivalents, hidden stealthily by legal or illegal owners, could be suddenly transferred into currency, times would be better than they are today. Yet fortune hunting expeditions will be generously financed as long as there exists a fabled "treasure island" or a treasure whose burial has been more or less authenticated.

'Tis a hardy traveler who can pause at the historic city of Halifax without being tempted to journey to Oak Island, which lies in Mahone Bay, on the coast of Nova Scotia. I paused at Halifax, my mind on salmon fishing. In fact I was bound for the Codroy River in Newfoundland. But the venerable hotel was filled with whisperings. Another expedition was en route to Oak Island. For the tenth time in the past 135 years a well organized attempt would be made to solve the greatest buried treasure mystery on this Continent.

The story starts in 1795 when three young fellows named Vaughn, Smith and MacGinnis were idly paddling around beautiful Mahone Bay and discussing the legend that it was so named by the French because low, rakish vessels were frequently anchored there when piracy was fashionable. By the merest chance this youthful trio beached their canoe on one of the three hundred and sixty-five islands well covered with oaks.

Just as idly exploring the island, they came upon an oak of unusual dimensions. It stood in the center of a small, cleared space. Several feet above the ground a large branch projected from the trunk. The outer end of this branch was missing. It gave optical evidence of having been sawed off. There were mysterious marks on the sawed-off branch, such as might be made by block and tackle. Curious marks and figures were on the trunk. They might have been made with a woodsman's axe. But the marks and the branch attracted more than casual attention, for near the foot of the tree and directly beneath the scarred old branch a circular depression about thirteen feet in diameter was plainly discernible in the grass.

Casting around for more convincing evidence that this was the scene of some forgotten activity the trio got back to the island's beach. Here, in a rock slightly below the water's level, a stout iron ring-bolt was firmly fastened. The tide was out and Messrs. Vaughn, Smith and MacGinnis saw it plainly. They identified it as the remains of an old mooring place. That bolt is there as this is written. It is an important part of the Oak Island treasure mystery.

To add interest to their discoveries they picked up a copper coin dated 1713 and a boatswain's whistle showing signs of age. These two last relics, it might be remarked in passing, have not been connected with the supposed great cache. Intermittent search for the latter has cost unsuccessful searchers more than \$200,000.

After recovering from their first excitement the eighteenth century discoverers returned to Oak Island with digging tools. Wielding picks and shovels industriously they threw layers of loose soil and hard clay from a thirteen-foot shaft marked on the surface by the grassy circle. At a depth of ten feet they came to a floor of thick planks. The planks were heavy but the trio pried them up. They found more earth—but no treasure. Determined to get at the bottom of the mystery the three diggers from Halifax kept going down. After another ten feet of pick and shovel exercise they came to a second layer of oak. They pried this out—but found no treasure. They kept on digging. At the depth of thirty feet they grew weary. Then they tried to enlist assistance. Mahone Bay boasted a few inhabitants but the natives would have nothing to do with them. They knew of the oak, the depression and the circle but they also knew that, by night, the woods rang with terrifying shrieks and groans and were lighted by the fires of hell or something similar. Messrs. Vaughn, Smith and MacGinnis

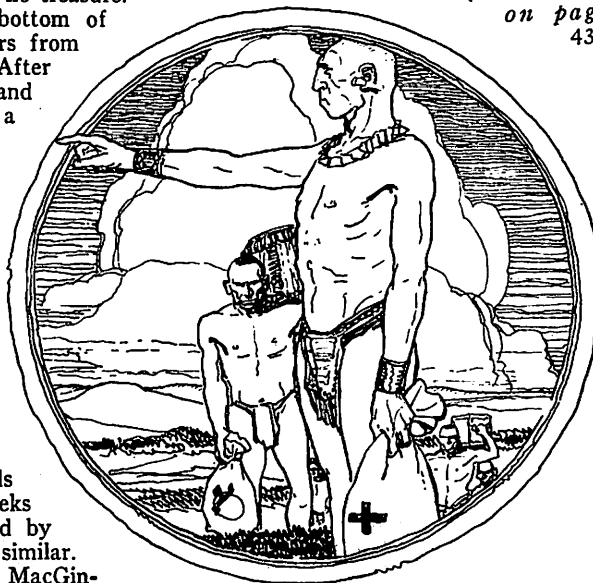
gave up their quest after failing to interest local capital in a dangerous enterprise. Six years the treasure hunters rested, unhappy. They could not get the subject out of their minds. They talked about it continually. In the sixth year of this verbal advertising their story brought a young physician named Lynds of Truro, a Nova Scotian city, into the Oak Island buried treasure picture.

Dr. Lynds was immediately an enthusiast. He interested several monied citizens. With the original trio they organized an exploration company and went after the mystery systematically. They and their hired assistants cleaned out the shaft until—at ninety-five feet below the surface, and after removing a layer of charcoal and coconut fibre, a layer of putty and some other layers—they uncovered a flat stone measuring sixteen inches by three feet. This stone bore what they took to be an inscription. They appeared to be approaching the end of their journey.

THERE were scholars in the Maritime Provinces as far back as 1801. Some of these scholars were invited to do some translating. The inscription was in some foreign language with which the scholars were not familiar. But the most popular translation of the day was: "Ten feet below two million pounds lie buried." Announcement of this translation caused a fever of excitement. More diggers were hired, more earth hoisted. Almost immediately wood was encountered completely flooring the shaft. This platform was much more solid and protective than any yet found.

The workers knocked off for a Sunday rest. When they returned to the job on Monday morning the shaft was filled with water to within twenty-five feet of the surface. The "pirates," or whoever went to so much trouble to bury something, had also prepared a tunnel connecting the sea with the shaft, as added insurance against Vaughn, MacGinnis, Smith, Dr. Lynds, et al. Baling did not help the situation. A second shaft, sunk to 110 feet, was flooded as suddenly as the first. The expedition was busted and gave the job up. Some

(Continued
on page
43)



Tamara, right, is a dark-eyed Russian singer who is heard each Sunday evening at 8 P.M. She was discovered, a refugee of the Soviet revolution, singing and playing her guitar in a little Russian restaurant in New York. At present she is appearing on the stage in the musical comedy "Roberta," where her voice, plaintive and sadly stirring, is something a little different in this day of female crooners. Tamara is a star of the National Broadcasting Company



Ray Lee Jackson

Cast and Broadcast

By
Phillips Coles

Bing Crosby, above, is the only crooner who: (1) is as popular with the men as with the gals; (2) has retained his popularity; (3) has made enough money to float the Haitian Republic; (4) is still a regular guy. His baritone swoops over CBS stations twice every week

"Death Valley Days" is an NBC program dramatizing true stories in the history of Death Valley, Calif.—realistic, exciting stuff. Right are John White, the Lonesome Cowboy, who sings, playing his guitar, and T. Daniel Frawley, veteran stage actor, who tells weird stories



Ray Lee Jackson



Boake Carter, WABC's news editorialist, disconcerted this Department by looking exactly as he sounds. In our experience it has never happened before. British as a whiskey-soda, Carter stepped into the front ranks of radio commentators with his comments on the Lindbergh kidnapping. His broadcasts are nothing if not controversial, and his keen, analytical attacks on political and economic measures evoke storms of discussion. Carter speaks five evenings every week at 7:45



De Barron

While the current Ziegfeld Follies bears well in mind its obligation to glorify the American girl, it is also generous in providing other substantial items of entertainment. Credit for the show's outstanding voice goes to Everett Marshall, while Vilma and Buddy Ebsen rate top honors among the dancers. As for comedy, the team at the right hardly needs an introduction—Fanny Brice and Willie Howard. While they are on the stage the laughs are pretty continuous and one or the other of them manages to hold the spotlight a good portion of the time



White

Behind the Footlights

"Roberta," a musical comedy with operetta inclinations, has a libretto by Otto Harbach; a tuneful score by Jerome Kern; a lavish production and a romantic story with enough fun in it to keep the pace fairly brisk. Lyda Roberti (above) draws a fair share of the laughs as a temperamental customer of a very smart Parisian gown shop. This shop is owned by the veteran Fay Templeton, a sort of fairy godmother to the play's lovers, who gives an excellent performance of a small role. There are some good voices in the cast, notably those of William Hain and Tamara, the alluring Russian. The fashion display is handled with ingenuity and there is a pleasant air of collegiate light-heartedness about the whole proceeding



White

A. E. Thomas, who has been resting on his laurels for some time, stages a happy comeback as author of the comedy "No More Ladies." The play's protagonists are an ultra-modern young couple who, having concluded that their respective philosophies of life and love make the chances of a happy marriage between them very slim, decide to take a sporting chance. The gentleman in the case is another returned native, Melvyn Douglas, who comes back from his Hollywood sojourn in fine form. He is shown at the left with Lucile Watson, whose performance as an up-to-date grandmother quite steals the acting honors. Intriguing situations and bright lines, seasoned with good acting make this first rate entertainment



If Walter Huston (left) seems cold to the caresses of Minna Gombell it is because he is thinking of his horse. The picture represents a bit of the action in the film called "Keep 'Em Rolling," a story of a hard-bitten soldier whose horse came first in war and in peace. Huston's great attachment started in the peaceful training days at Fort Meyer before the war when a rival lover forced him to make a momentous decision between his sweetheart and his favorite mount

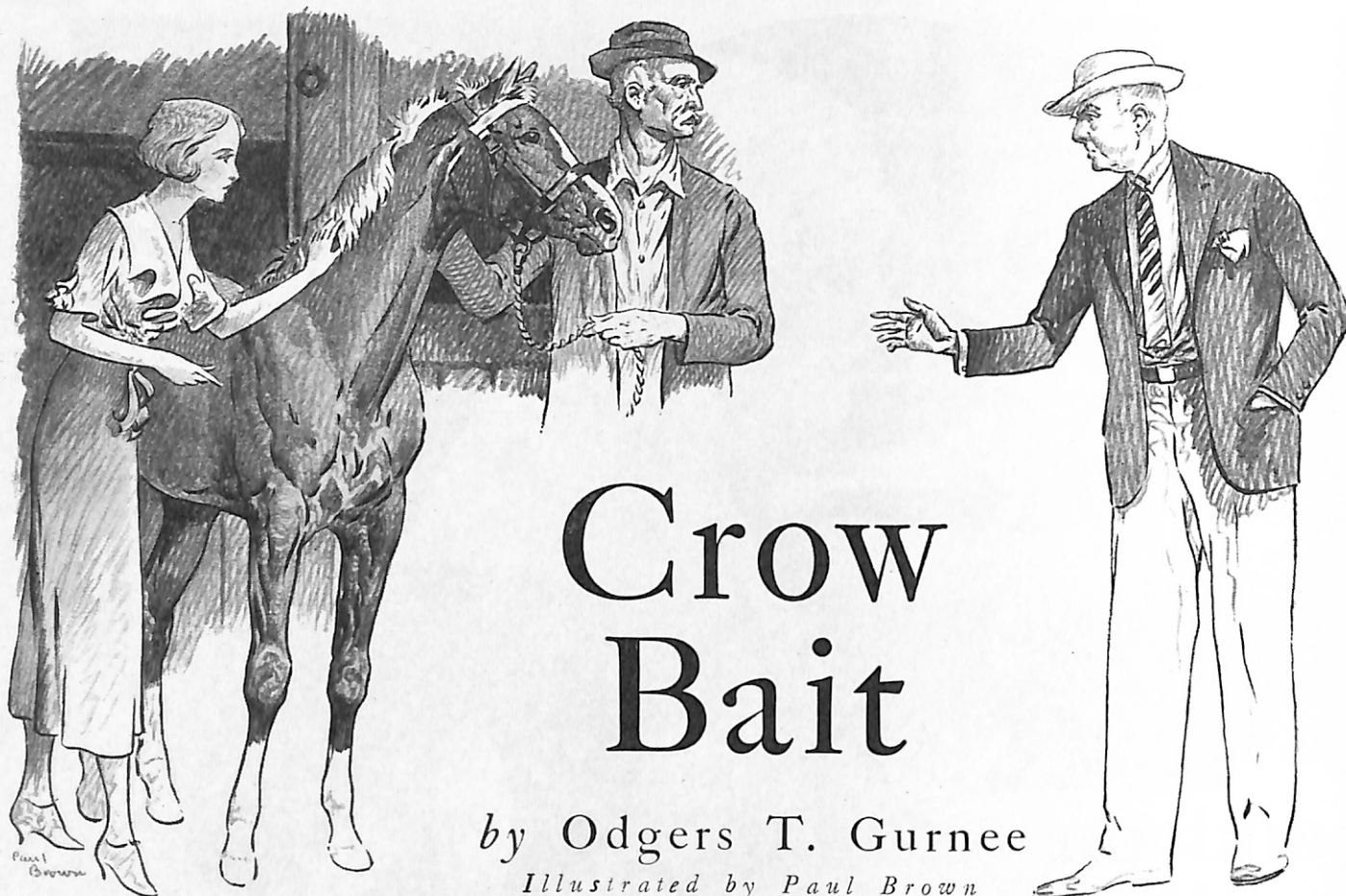
and on the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

The little group below—William Powell, Bette Davis and Dorothy Burgess—are style racketeers in the picture titled "Fashions of 1934." They steal Paris styles from the importers and sell them to cheap establishments. When they are found out they go abroad to seek a new field of operation. Powell corners the ostrich feather market and stages a super-gorgeous revue to put over the fashion. His scheme gets him into considerable difficulties



The bloody but picturesque drama that overthrew the tyranny of Diaz and for a short time raised an ignorant peon to the tyrant's seat as president of Mexico, is told in the picture "Viva Villa." Wallace Beery (above) is the crusading Villa. As a boy he sees his peon father flogged to death. Goaded by the cruel injustice and oppression he kills an official and takes to the hills. There he raises a band of inflamed peons like himself and promising relief to the oppressed, they sweep down upon towns and large haciendas, slaughtering and pillaging



"When are you going to send for him?"

"Never," he said flatly and finally

IT all began when Morgan's men were sweeping the fringes of the Blue Grass and Old John Charlton and the first Zebulon Butts shook fists at one another across their boundary fence and one went North and the other South. It was War!

And their families, staring stonily across the widening breach, took up the gauge and carried it through the years. But a younger John Charlton and little Cecily Butts, grandchildren of the feud, looked on bewildered and wondered what it was all about.

Or if they knew, they didn't care—because on a velvet August night Cecily sped through the heavy-scented hemp fields to the south gate and climbed into the buggy beside Young John and they galloped away to Frankfort and were married.

So the old war that had been a war of conviction against conviction became a new war of pride against pride, which is deadlier and lasts as long as pride remains, which means a lifetime.

All of these things came back in a flood of bitter recollection to Zebulon Lightbody Butts, one time little brother of that first Cecily, as he stood at the same line fence where more than seventy years before his grandfather had turned against Old John Charlton. His faded eyes surveyed the swelling spring green of growing Charlton acres and he smiled sadly.

He faced about and looked then upon what remained of the once broad domain of the Butts. Not even the myopic vision of sixty years was too dimmed for him to see it all, and clearly. Eighty acres left out of hundreds and the rest gone by the boards. It had been a wasting war for the house of Zebulon.

He sighed heavily and ascended the slight rise to the back drive and the rusty, sprawling old barn. It was cool inside in the long, packed clay floorway that ran between the double row of box stalls. High up in the sleepers, doves cooed and a guinea hen rattled drowsily in a feed box. But there were no horses in the stalls—only memories.

Of the hundreds of thoroughbreds which had grown to racing

age on the limestone strataed fields of the old Butts confederacy, but one remained. Zebulon could see her through the dust-streaked sunbeams across the doorway, muzzling blue shoots in the half-portion paddock to the south—with her foal at her side.

That mare was his last hold upon his pride—and half of his world. The other half was Cissie Charlton, daughter of that romantic union which had begun at the old south gate and ended in exiled heartbreak.

Cissie had come back to the Blue Grass an orphan and to face the choice between her two uncles—Zebulon or Jim Charlton, blood enemies. For Jim Charlton was likewise the surviving son of his clan, brother of the eloping Young John who had been her father.

But Jim Charlton had everything, needed nothing. Zebulon needed everything, most of all companionship and love. So Cissie had come to live with him. And because he had only one thing in the world that meant as much to him as Cissie—he had given it to her. He had given her his mare.

WATCHING now, he sighed gustily as the foal followed its dam to the clump of willows beside the spring house. He was a beautiful colt, this foal, perfect from forehead to fetlock. A bright chestnut with a hint of copper where the sun struck, rangy, big-boned, quick as a cat for all he was still a weanling.

But he was the one blot upon the modicum of peace and happiness that had come into Zebulon Butts' declining years. He was Charlton bred.

That breeding had been Jim Charlton's only benefaction in Cissie's behalf. A thoroughbred mare, past racing age, is of value only insofar as she produces other thoroughbreds to carry on. So Jim Charlton had made the offer and the mare which Zebulon gave Cissie was sent to the court of Charlton's most famous stallion. Of that mating came the chestnut colt and the final blow to the Butts' pride.

And Zebulon, watching his clean, easy stride across the pad-

dock grass, wondered how much of generosity and how much of guile had entered into the Charlton offer.

But it was Cissie's colt, and a grand animal to boot, so he must be philosophical above the rankling hurt—and besides and beyond that—such a yearling as it promised to be might bring a ready \$20,000 at the sales.

"Twenty thousand for little Cissie," he repeated and smiled. It was worth the hurt. He stretched across the paddock fence and conjured up visions of what \$20,000 would buy her.

He was still there when the clamor of the dinner bell rolled down to him from the house.

"Clothes," he said to himself, "and going places and a chance to meet a good boy who'll marry her." He went on up the path to the side porch, but before he went in he turned about and looked at the splash of chestnut against the spring house willows.

"I'm going to name him Salvation," he said with finality.

It was two days before he spoke of it. Two days of air castles. Then he told Cissie as they sat in the low-ceilinged living room beneath the dusty portrait of Zebulon the dynast.

"Twenty thousand dollars," she said, and her voice sounded frightened. Then her eyes clouded and she got up, striding across the polished walnut planks of the floor to look out over the moonstruck fields toward Charlton House.

When she turned back to Zebulon the cloud had gone from her eyes and they were stormy.

"No," she said sharply. "We can't."

But Zeb was peering into the distances of the empty grate and he was dreaming old dreams.

"Yes, we can, honey," he insisted softly.

"No," she said again. "It's a thousand dollars or nothing." Then, cryptically: "It's a contract."

He sat upright abruptly and the dreams died. "What do you mean?"

She motioned toward the Charlton acres.

"When Uncle Jim sent the mare back to me," she answered, "he asked me to sign a contract—giving him an option to buy the foal for \$1,000 if it was all right. It seemed like millions—"

She broke off suddenly and kneeled beside him, her head on his shoulder.

He felt a surge of tremendous anger that made him shake and his voice came unsteadily.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

She was crying now. "I wanted to surprise you; I didn't know. I only thought of a thousand dollars for us—to spend."

One of his shaking hands reached up and stroked her hair.

"The skunk," he said to the portrait of Zebulon Butts. But to Cissie:

"Don't fret, honey. Maybe he won't take it up."

But he knew Jim Charlton too well to think for a minute he wouldn't. Not a colt like that. He sent Cissie upstairs to bed and walked the long side porch till dawn.

There was no way out. A contract's a contract, war or no. And the chestnut colt was lost to them.

It was Marshall who gave him the inspiration that spelled one chance in a thousand. Marshall who'd been a light-weight rider in the black and gold colors of the Butts when Zebulon was in the blue and white of the cradle. Marshall, who had taught him how to trap muskrats in the spring house pond. Marshall, who had stayed on when every other vestige of the past had vanished in the wake of sheriff's sales and horses that ran second.

The Butts played them on the nose—or played them not at all.

It was Marshall, seventy-five if he was a day, with his mind a generation in the past, who shuffled up the curving walk from the stable at sun-up humming an old couplet in his creaky voice. Zebulon knew the words as he knew his stud book:

"Four white feet an' a spot on his nose,
Cut his th'roat an' th'ow him to th' crows."

A meaningless sort of thing. Not much tune to the music it went with. Just a fragment of Kentuckiana—a Blue Grass spirituelle, if you will. But—

Zebulon Butts stopped short in his furious striding and his eyes shot like arrows to that splash beneath the spring house willows.

He thought of a second form of the old superstition:

"One white foot—buy him.
Two white feet—try him.
Three white feet—deny him.
Four white feet, and a spot on his nose,
Throw him in the sea; he's meat for crows."

A grim smile spread the furrows of thought about his eyes and lips.

"Marshall," he said sharply, "when the Charltons coming home from N'Yawk?"

The old man stopped stock still and whipped off his hat. A black claw caressed the dusty wool above his ears.

"Lessee," he said finally. "My gal Lucy say they comin' hear in Joo-ly, 'jess foh leavin' to Sa-toga."

Zebulon smiled again, wolfishly perhaps, and the fingers of his right hand dipped into the vest pocket where he knew reposed a silver dollar and a two-bit piece.

"Get your coat," he said; "you're catching the first inter-urban car to town."

THE Charltons came home in July as scheduled. Lucy raced across the fields to tell Marshall, and Marshall hobbled up the side porch path to tell Zebulon. Then they both went out to the paddock and looked long and carefully at the chestnut.

Finally the master nodded. "He's as near right as we can make him," he said with finality.

The next morning he sent Cissie for Jim Charlton.

"Honey," he said, "the taxes are due—overdue. Maybe if you asked your Uncle Jim, he'd take up that option now."

He watched her start toward Charlton House and summoned Marshall.

"You sure you know what you're supposed to do?" he asked.

There was no compromise in Marshall's "Yassuh."

An hour later Cissie came back—in the Charlton car with Jim Charlton by her side. Zebulon met them at the barn.

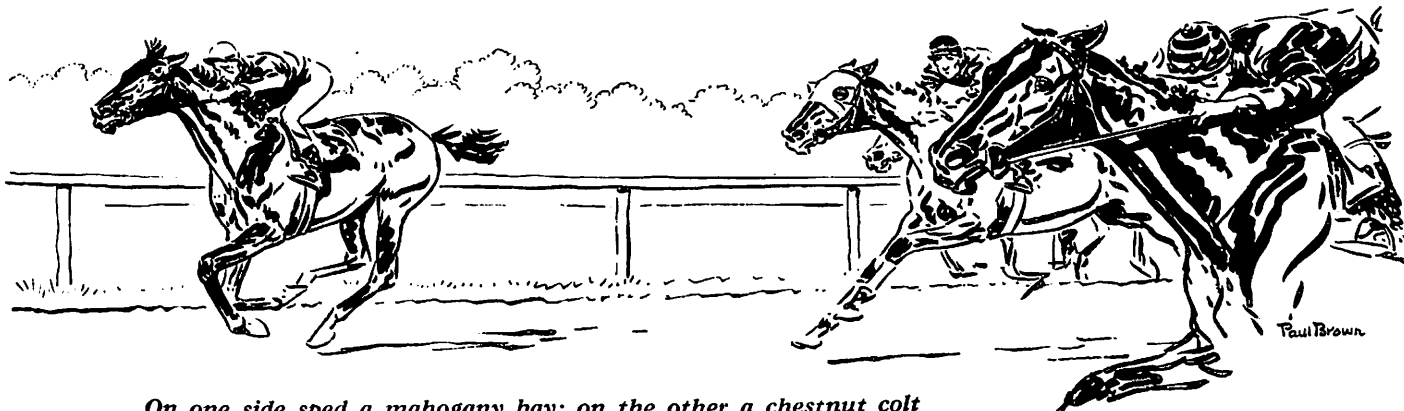
"Uncle Jim's come to see my colt," she said by way of introduction. The two men eyed one another icily and Charlton sprayed the ash from his cigar.

"I hear you can't pay your taxes," he said.

Zebulon pushed his right fist into his pocket for safety and bit his tongue. Then he shrugged without speaking and went to a stall in the long row. When he came out he was leading the colt.

Just beyond the bright half-circle of sunlight in the doorway, he stopped and brought it three-quarters about.

"Nice colt," he said shortly.



On one side sped a mahogany bay; on the other a chestnut colt

Jim Charlton grunted and shot a swift glance at him above the frayed end of his cigar. Then his eyes went back to the colt.

Briefly his gaze ran down the line of the long, straight neck, across the flat withers, the short couplings and the clean, muscular flank and quarter.

It dwelt upon the hind legs—then the forelegs and last the muzzle.

From between the eyes to the tip of the nose ran a spreading pyramid of white. From coronet half-way to knee, the crisp hair of the legs was the tone of new ivory.

"He's a nice colt," repeated Zebulon. There was a hopeful ring to his voice and he spoke, perhaps, a little louder than before.

Again Jim Charlton grunted and moved the cigar in his mouth to speak. But something intervened.

From overhead, above the coo of doves, came the wheezy piping of an ancient voice.

"Fo' white feets an' a spot on his nose," it quavered, "Cut his th'out an' th'ow him to th' crows."

The croon died off and there was an appalling silence.

Jim Charlton's sharp eyes swept the vista before him. If ever a colt had four white feet, this one did. He looked at Zebulon and his face twisted in a half smile. Under that scrutiny Zebulon flushed and seemed to lose the poise which was the hallmark of the clan Butts.

"MARSHALL," he called sharply. "You, Marshall, what you doing up there?" There was a great creaking of timber and Marshall clambered hurriedly down the ladder from the loft.

"Bed down those stalls," commanded Zebulon.

"Yassuh," said Marshall. He picked up a hay fork and merged into the darkness. His voice came back to them:

"Fo' white feets," he began.

But he was interrupted by the laughter of Jim Charlton, receding in volume as the master of Charlton House turned and walked slowly out of the barn door.

"When you going to send for him?" Zebulon asked.

Charlton climbed into his car. "Never," he said flatly and started to drive off, but thought better of it and stopped. "Much as I hate your gizzard, I'd 'a' taken him if there was any chance of making money on the deal," he explained bitingly, "but he ain't worth a cent—he's a quitter—he's just only crow bait."

He went on then, and quickly, too, but as he turned into the main road he looked back. He thought Zebulon was crying. He was too far away to hear him laughing.

Cissie watched her Uncle Zebulon in complete bewilderment.

"I don't understand," she said.

Zebulon regained his composure abruptly. His eyes were moist.

"Jim Charlton's the most superstitious fool in seven counties," he explained.

"But the colt," she insisted. "He didn't used to have white feet."

Zebulon pretended amazement. "By golly, you're right. Come to think of it, he was pure chestnut when he was foaled, now wasn't he?"

He looked at her quizzically. "I reckon it's a miracle."

The Charltons went to Saratoga and from there to Europe. Then they went to Miami and it was spring again before they came back to the Blue Grass. But Zebulon learned from Marshall, who heard from Lucy, when they were due and he moved ahead of them.

He walked, one April morning, cross-field to Ed Mowbry's and found Ed sitting on top of a post and rail fence watching the hands break yearlings to the saddle.

Zebulon mounted beside him and began without preamble.

"Mistuh Mowbry," he said, "you're a rich man."

The other laughed diffidently. "Fairly well fixed," he admitted.

"And a good gambler," pursued Zebulon.

"I aim to be."

"I've got a horse," said Zebulon, "and no money."

He waved a hand expressively, indicating the broad Mowbry paddocks, dotted with yearlings.

"He can run away and hide from anything you've got."

Mowbry laughed. "He'll have to be good to do that."

"When you see him you'll know," Zebulon answered.

Ed drew two cigars from a breast pocket and offered one to Zeb. "What's your proposition?" he asked.

"You take him, break him, train him, insure him—everything. We split all his stake winnings fifty-fifty in his two and three-year-old form. After that he comes back to me."

He eyed the small, gray man at his side. "But," he added with finality, "he runs in my colors."

Mowbry chewed thoughtfully upon his unlighted cigar. "Bring him over this afternoon," he said.

Later that summer the Charltons went to Saratoga, as was their custom, and the second night of the yearling sales Jim Charlton paid \$50,000 for an imported yearling by Epinard. It brought a great deal of publicity and horsemen generally were quoted as of the opinion that the Charlton colt would be champion of his time.

Ed Mowbry showed the newspaper clippings to Zeb, and they smiled a little slyly, like two youngsters enjoying a huge joke that was too much of a secret to permit of loud whoops.

There were other clippings, too, months later, when the coming two-year-olds were getting the finishing touches to their racing educations, preparing to face the barrier for the opening of their careers.

There was much talk, for example, of the \$50,000 Charlton colt—of his sensational training movies—and more of that earlier predicting that he would sweep the boards from Lexington to Belmont and from Pimlico to Saratoga.

BUT there was never a word about the chestnut colt out on Ed Mowbry's training track. That was a secret.

No one but Ed and Zeb and the most trusted Mowbry hands had seen him grow and flourish, straight and strong and fast. No alien eye had watched him face the starting tape and fly away from the zipping barrier. Beyond the confines of the big Mowbry farm, only the Jockey Club held any record of his name.

But as Zeb had promised, he could run away and hide from the best two-year-olds in the Mowbry barns.

Three mornings a week, now, they would sit side by side on the backstretch fence, Mowbry and Zeb, and watch the colt work. And as he'd come booming around the first turn for the long dash down the white-lined rail, the mellow baritone of the last of the Butts would reach out and caress him.

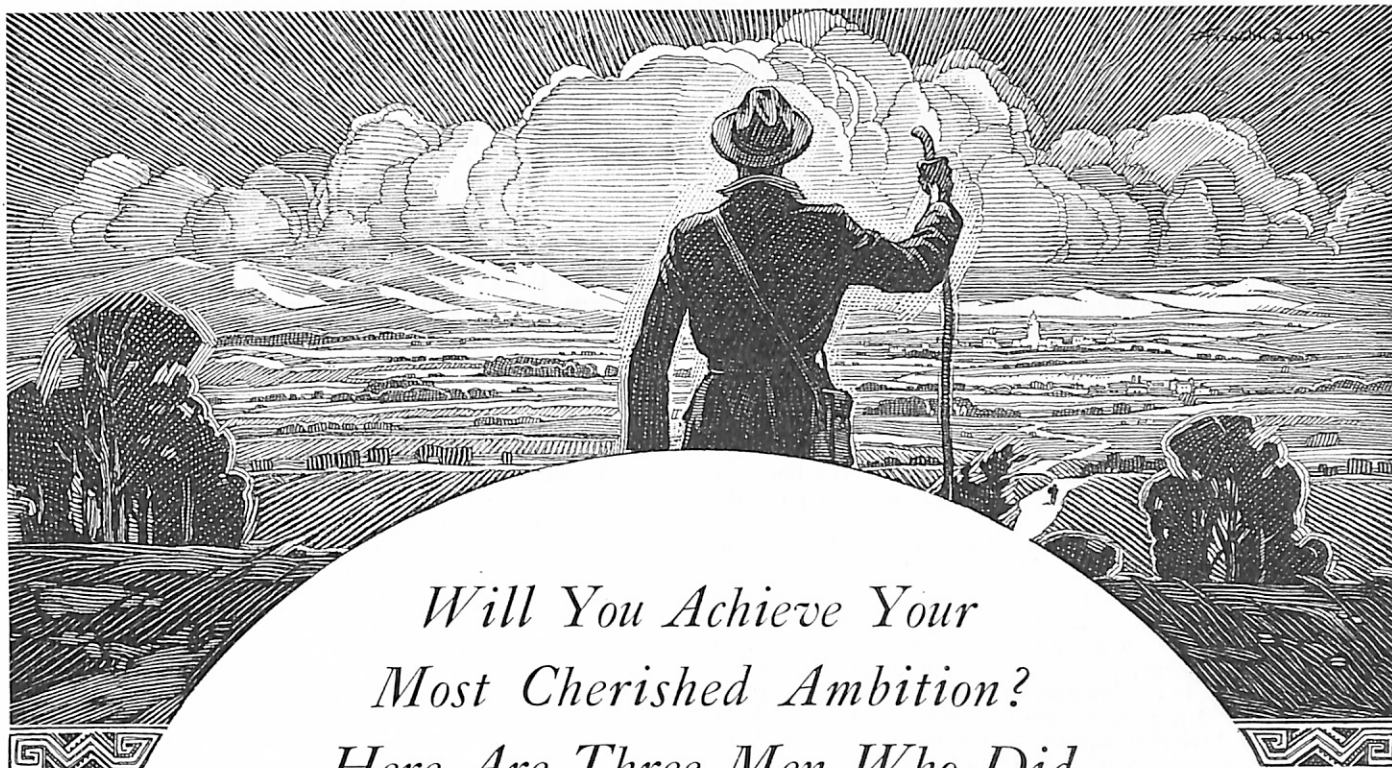
"Come on, Salva-ation."

And Ed Mowbry's little grey eyes would twinkle and more often than not he'd reach over and grip Zebulon's spare old shoulder and shake him a little.

"Pardner," he'd say, "you got yourself a horse—and you're going to have money."

To which Zeb invariably would reply: (Continued on page 39)





*Will You Achieve Your
Most Cherished Ambition?
Here Are Three Men Who Did*

One Great Adventure

by Frank Brady

Decoration by Franklin Booth

SOME day we will do it. So we tell ourselves, pausing to stare ahead, unseeing. For a moment, the letter on our desk remains unsigned, the wrench in our hand hangs idle, the cloth we are measuring lies limp upon the counter. The job is forgotten. From about us, the office, the factory, the store vanish for a brief span. We are living through, in prospect, our one great adventure.

For each of us it will have a different form. For one it may mean to sail alone in a small boat across the Atlantic. For another it may mean to have dinner, just once, with a glamorous star of the screen. For still another, it may mean to drive back to the home town in a long automobile that cost more than the house we used to live in.

But whatever shape the adventure takes, to us it is the supreme experience. For it is exactly that, and no more. It is not an exploit undertaken for public glory, it is not an achievement from which we may make money, it is not even a deed or a thrill that the next man would envy. It is simply a feat which to us is soul-satisfying and complete. Once accomplished, we shall be content. We shall go willingly back to the old job and the old life, and their monotony and obscurity. We shall have done, for once at least in our lives, the one thing we have most wanted to do.

For the most part, however, the great adventure is never taken. We promise ourselves that it shall be. We plan for it for years. We save toward it. But by the time opportunity comes to carry out our resolution, other considerations have stepped in our path. We have the money, yes. We could find the time. But is it sensible, is it sane, to squander what we have saved and the place we have made for ourselves, upon a whim? That cash would buy an interest in the firm, or a lot on Maple Street, where values are sure to rise. We'd like to go, yes. But there is Anne, too; and we're pretty fond of Anne. We'd go in a minute. But when we came back, Johnson would have our job, and goodness knows where we would get another.

So we keep our job and buy the lot on Maple Street and

marry Anne. Then there are children to be fed and schooled, and mortgages to be met and orders to be clinched. The insistence of the immediate world clamors for space in our thoughts, and there is no room for anything else. The vision we have cherished so long is set aside, the golden moment of daring to make it real is postponed, the lustre of anticipation of the experience tarnishes, and we forget it.

That is what most of us do. But not all of us. Now and then there arises the instance of one who will not surrender the vision. All the way through the years from the eagerness and surety of his youth to the steadiness and caution of old age, he clings to it. The passage of time does not dissolve the desire but only seasons it. The determination will not be dislodged. The idea to be carried out may be absurd and fantastic; it may provoke ridicule; and, more than likely, it may fail to have, for the world, any practical value. It does not matter. Now and then some man will carry it through.

Such a man, for one, was Otto Hillig. He came over from Germany when a lad of fifteen, from a farm near the little town of Steinbruecken, in Thuringia. He was not of great stature, but he was strong and willing and ambitious. It is more than forty years since he arrived in this country, and in that time he prospered. For a while he worked at anything. He was a farmhand for a period, a conductor during a Brooklyn trolley car strike. But from those occupations, it goes without saying, he did not make his fortune. He turned, after a few years, to photography; and his studio, in Liberty, New York, came to be regarded as the leading establishment of its kind in Sullivan County.

In the course of the four decades since he had left his homeland, Hillig had never been back. But he had always looked forward to the time when he should return, for a visit, to the village of his birth. He had left a brother there, upon a farm; and many friends of his childhood. To see them again, to see, too, the steep roofs and the winding streets of Steinbruecken, and the neat fields surrounding it, he had an intense longing. He was over fifty now, and you can never tell what may happen. Better not put off going back too long.

One may wonder why, since Hillig had for years been well-to-do, he postponed as long as he did the making of the visit. Certainly it was not for lack of money, for of that he had plenty. And certainly, too, it was not for lack of opportunity, for he was master of his own affairs and could arrange them to suit his convenience. Why, then, did he not go?

A remark made one day by his niece, Mrs. Elsie Bressler, cast some light upon the reason.

"Otto always said he'd go back to Germany," she declared. "But he doesn't like boats."

It is the second part of that statement which is significant. For when a man wishes to go to Europe, but is disinclined to go by boat, he must have something extraordinary in mind.

Hillig did have. But exactly what it was was not revealed until, in 1928, he sought to take passage on the Graf Zeppelin, to return to Germany by air. Unhappily, in this plan he did not succeed. Through some confusion in arrangements, Hillig at the last moment found that his place in the great dirigible had been taken by another, and he was left behind. But the incident disclosed what he had in mind. He wanted not only to go back to Germany, he wanted to fly back, to go home gloriously.

This was no whim. It could not have been, and what happened two years after Hillig's disappointment in sailing on the Graf is ample evidence of the fact. For in 1930 this middle-aged photographer, this solid citizen and shrewd business man of Liberty announced to a startled and, at first, incredulous town, that he was going to buy an airplane and cross the Atlantic to Germany in it. Such an enterprise is not only dangerous but costly. And when a man of Hillig's years will take a chance on his life, and a man of his judgment expend, as merely an initial disbursement, \$25,000 for a plane, to accomplish it, it is a safe assumption that the project is one born of a long and deep-rooted yearning. It is his one great adventure.

And in June of 1931, Otto Hillig set out upon it. With his pilot, the young Danish flyer Holger Hoiriis, he roared away from Harbor Grace in the blue dawn of a Newfoundland morning, bound for Germany, by way of Copenhagen.

For a day and a half thereafter the world heard no more of Hillig and Hoiriis, for they carried no radio. For a day and a half, too, or the better part of that time, they themselves lost the world. Early in the flight they ran into fog and cloud which forced them to high altitudes. For many hours they did not

know whether they were above land or water. Below them was only a rolling plain of vapor. It was wearing. They shouted songs to keep their spirits up and to fight off the drowsiness settling upon them. All day, all night, then day again. Then Hoiriis found a rift in the clouds, dived and saw below the flat red roofs of Spain. They had gone far to the south. Wearily, the ship turned northeast until, with night coming on again, Hoiriis set it down at an unknown airport. It proved to be that of Krefeld, in the German Rhineland. There they took on fuel and flew toward Copenhagen. But fatigue made them uncertain, and they came down instead at Bremen.

If it was Hillig's dream to come back home in glory, reality must have surpassed the conception. Sixty thousand people fought the police the next day at the field at Copenhagen, to shake his hand and Hoiriis's. Wreaths of laurel were thrown about their necks. Medals were bestowed. The city showered confetti as they drove through the streets. King Christian II commanded them to dine.

Then Berlin and, at last, the tiny town of Steinbruecken. All three hundred of its people came out to meet Otto Hillig; and later, at his brother's farm, there was a great feast. A day or so afterward farewells were said, and Otto started back for the home of his adoption. New York honored and feasted him on the way, and Liberty made the date of his return "Hillig Day." Soon he was at work again in his shop on Main Street, and content. He had carried through his one great adventure.

The idea of a supremely satisfying experience held by John J. (Butch) McDevitt, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was of a different kind. The son of an Irish-born coal miner, he was a native of the anthracite country and grew up there and at random points elsewhere. His youth was a haphazard affair of many jobs and lean pickings. By his own account, he had been, in his time, a third-class hobo and a sandwich man; and although, as years passed, his lot improved far beyond such estates as these, the privations and hardships of them left their mark. Not that McDevitt grew rich. He did not. But he did in time make for himself a respectable place in his community.

The career he chose was politics, and from the time of its beginning when, at seventeen, McDevitt got his first job as an election inspector, Wilkes-Barre was never to see a more active seeker of public office. For McDevitt was a tireless candidate. He would run for anything on any ticket at any time; and the monotonously regular success

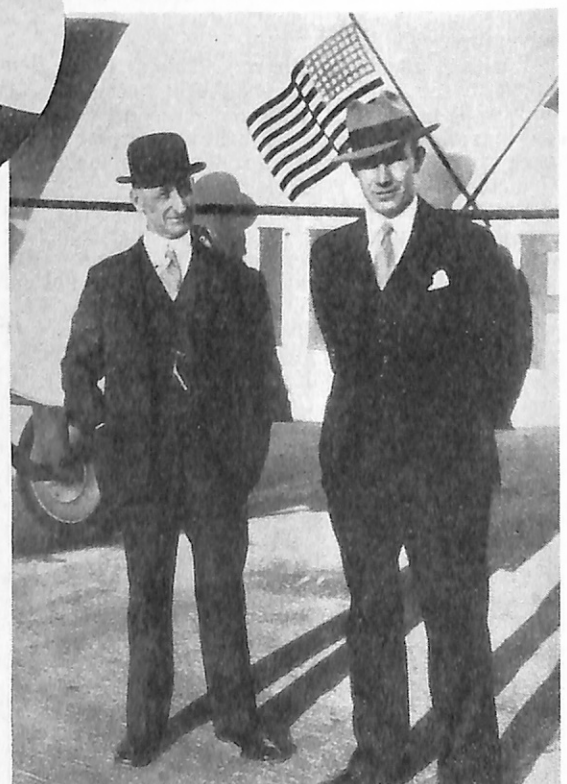
(Continued on page 41)



Joseph Conrad (above) whose heart quickened at the vision of standing in the middle of the Continent of Africa

John J. McDevitt (left), who yearned to live for a day the life of a millionaire

For many years Otto Hillig (right, in derby) cherished the desire to make a glorious re-entrance into his native village



The Culbertson Four-Five No Trump Convention

By Bede Armstrong

Card Editor

A GREAT many letters have come in asking for more detailed information regarding the bidding of contract bridge hands. Other letters ask for articles regarding the correct play of the hand, both offensively and defensively; still others want to see discussions of the rules of the game.

This Department is yours and the kind of articles you want will be furnished. To bring the matter to a head, let me have a frank expression of opinion from you as to your preference. I really do not think rules ought to take up much space. There have been no changes in the rules since November, 1932, when the International Code was adopted, and there is little likelihood of changes in the near future. Bidding systems, and to a lesser degree methods of play, change as new developments come to light. New systems are being offered from time to time and old ones are being improved.

Speaking of bidding systems, in the recent Elks National Bridge Tournament the sheets had a space for the player to record the bidding system used. In addition to all of the regular systems which are described in books, the following unique comments were filled in: "The Solid Ivory System;" "By Guess and By Gosh;" "Monkey Wrench, We Throw It in the Machinery;" "Bid and Hope;" "Jump System, Jump at Conclusions;" "Hope Partner Understands."

A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solutions to the Two Problems Below:

Problem No. 11. Submit your version of the correct bidding and play of this hand. Contract bridge; none vulnerable; South dealer. The solution will be published next month.

♠ Q-6-4			
♥ 9-8			
♦ K-J-10-6-4-3			
♣ J-6			

♠ K-8			
♥ J-10-7-5-2			
♦ Q-9-2			
♣ 9-5-4			

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ A-7-5-3			
♥ A-K-3			
♦ A-8-5			
♣ A-Q-10			

♠ J-10-9-2			
♥ Q-6-4			
♦ 7			
♣ K-8-7-3-2			

Problem No. 12. Spades are trump. South has the lead. How many tricks can he take against any defense by East and West? Give your version of the correct play.

Send your answers to both problems to Bede Armstrong, Card Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They must reach him before March 25th, 1934.

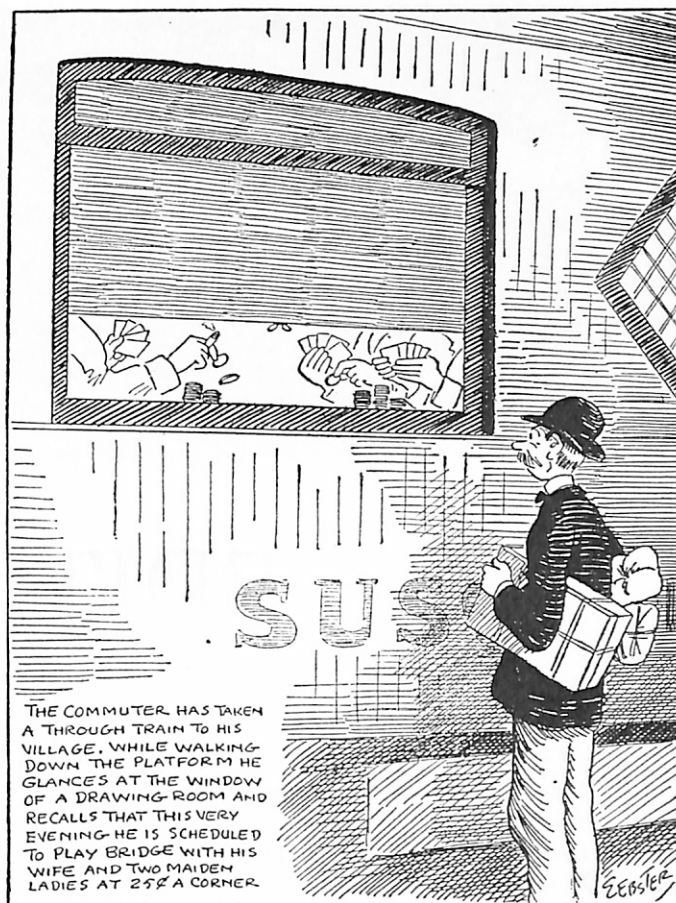
♠ None			
♥ None			
♦ A-K-Q			
♣ 10-6			

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ J-4			
♥ 6-4			
♦ J			
♣ A-K-7			

♠ 6-3			
♥ 9-7-3			
♦ None			
♣ J-6-2			

♠ 10			
♥ J-10			
♦ 4-2			
♣ Q-9-4			



THE COMMUTER HAS TAKEN A THROUGH TRAIN TO HIS VILLAGE, WHILE WALKING DOWN THE PLATFORM HE GLANCES AT THE WINDOW OF A DRAWING-ROOM AND RECALLS THAT THIS VERY EVENING HE IS SCHEDULED TO PLAY BRIDGE WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO MAIDEN LADIES AT 25¢ A CORNER.

CARTOON REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, H. T. WEBSTER; THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., AND FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., PUBLISHERS OF "WEBSTER'S BRIDGE."

All are meant to be facetious, of course, and this goes to prove the old saying, "there is many a true word spoken in jest." This applies in particular to the last one, "Hope partner understands," for when you play contract with a partner you know little about the thought is sure to enter your mind.

According to the notations on these bidding sheets there is one convention which has been made a part of their pet systems by more players than any other. That is the Culbertson four-five No Trump bid. This bid was tacked on to every other system by a number of the players, which goes to show that when a really efficient bid is produced it will be quickly adopted.

For those not already familiar with this bid an explanation may be worth while. The bid is very definite in the information it conveys and it surely helps in getting to slams (especially grand slams) when they can be made. And what is just as important, you are warned and can pull up short if the slam is not indicated.

Both the four No Trump and the five No Trump bids are absolutely forcing for one round. They are to be made only after your partner has made a strength-showing bid and when you realize that the requirements for a slam are apt to be present in the combined hands. The bid of four No Trump guarantees a contract of at least five in some suit. The bid of five No Trump guarantees a contract of six in one of the suits bid by the partnership.

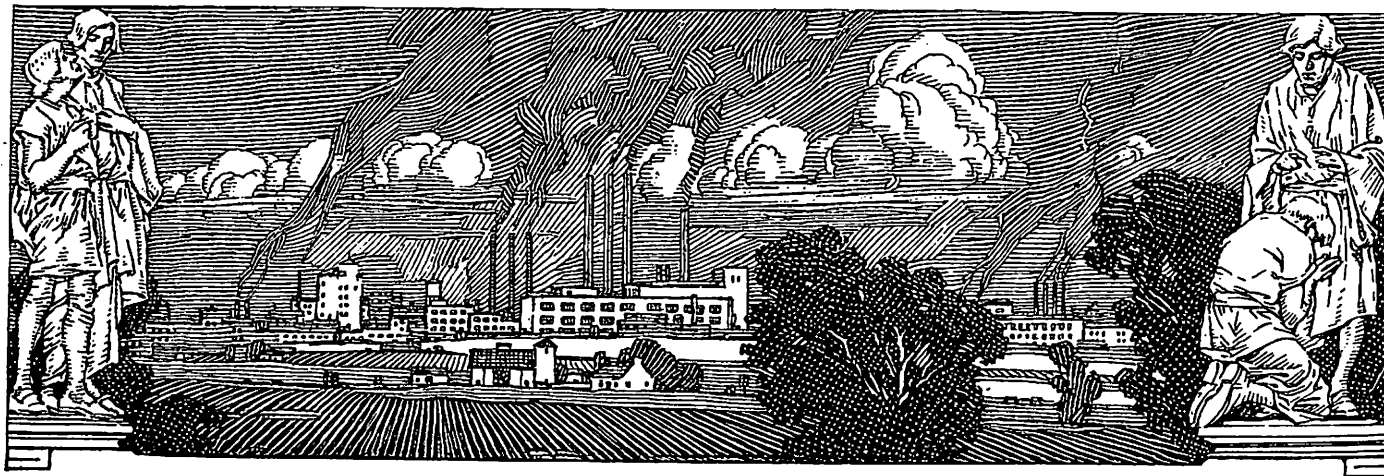
In bidding four No Trump you definitely say to your partner that you hold:

- A—3 Aces, or,
- B—2 Aces plus a King of any suit bid by the partnership.

In responding to this bid:

- A—Holding 2 Aces you must bid five No Trump.
- B—Having one Ace and strength undisclosed, bid six in a suit which has already been supported.
- C—Having no Aces, but support for a suit, bid by partner, bid five in that suit.
- D—Lacking these requirements you sign off with a bid of five in the lowest ranking suit bid by the partnership. This bid does not promise trump support and

(Continued on page 46)



EDITORIAL

TIME TO CONSIDER NOMINATIONS

THE administration of the affairs of a subordinate lodge involves the conduct of important business. If it is to be successfully conducted, it must be given watchful attention by capable officers. If the fraternal activities are to be worthwhile, they must be promoted and supervised by real leaders. A lodge will not drift into growth and prosperity. It will neither achieve nor long maintain a high place in public esteem, if indifferent officials permit it to remain inactive and inattentive to the opportunities to further its declared aims and purposes.

It follows that the selection of those who are to guide it and manage its affairs should be given thoughtful consideration and should not be made upon a last minute unthinking impulse. That is why the Grand Lodge statutes provide for ample time in which the selection may be made with due deliberation.

The elections are to be held in May. But the nominations, which in most instances are unopposed, are to be made in April. The members of the several lodges should begin now, therefore, to survey the field and to give attention to this matter. And this should be done with an eye singled to the best interests of the lodge, and not in the interest of any individual or group.

However customary it may be, rotation in office, as it is called, is a dangerous practice. It can only be justified when the officers selected with a view of their subsequent advancement are chosen with due regard to their fitness for the increasingly important offices to be successively filled by them. If progressive promotions are to be made, then the lowest office should be filled only by one who will make a good exalted ruler in due course.

The members should not delay consideration of this important matter. If a break in the rotation rule is wise, it should be thoughtfully planned and courageously carried out.

The good of the lodge is much more important than the ambitions of any one individual.

In any event, the question of nominations should not be left to the last moment. And it should be remembered that the duty involved is one that is shared by the

whole membership. One who shirks it should not complain if results are disappointing.

EXCUSE ME AND EXCUSE ME

EXCUSE me' is a phrase so usually employed with polite connotations that its use is quite generally accepted as an evidence of courtesy and consideration. With the accent on the first word it seeks pardon for an unintended offense, the removal of an apparent ground for resentment or complaint.

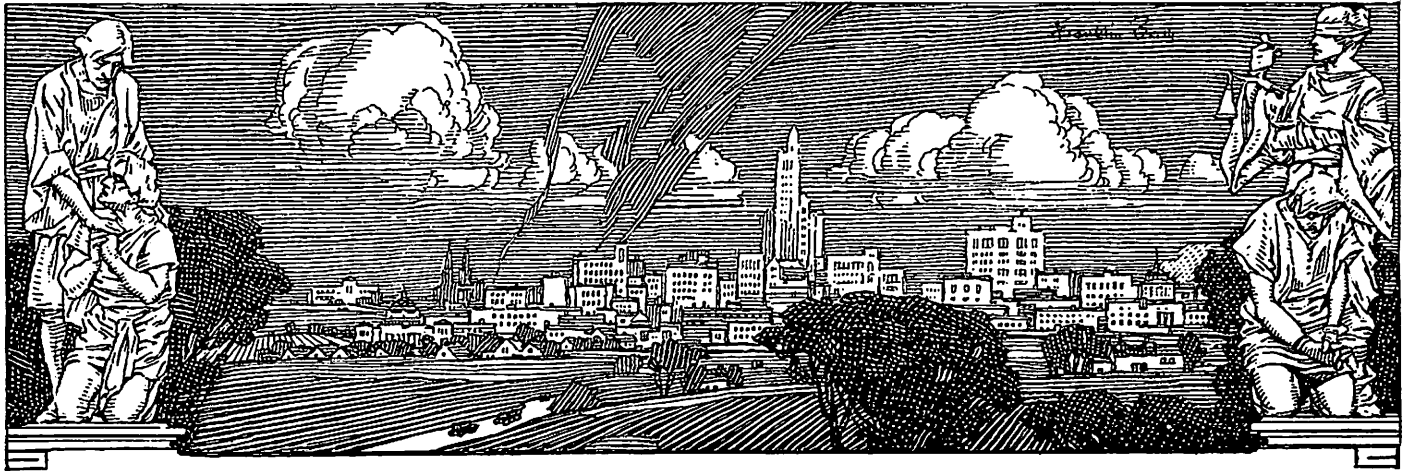
But it also has another meaning, in which courtesy and politeness have no essential part, except as to the manner of its expression. That other meaning, somewhat indicated by the usual shift of accent to the second word of the phrase, is in effect, a refusal to comply with a request. Unfortunately the phrase is too frequently used with this latter meaning by Elks who have been called upon for fraternal services in their respective lodges.

In the full and generous consideration of the obligation of membership there must be read into it the duty to promptly and willingly respond to any fraternal call within one's reasonable ability to meet it. Any less comprehensive view of such obligation would show a lack of appreciation of its proper significance. So where an Elk is asked to do something for his lodge, for his brothers, his community, or the Order, he should be slow to reply with an "excuse me." He should first pause to consider his obligation to comply if he reasonably can; to decline only when he really must.

"Excuse me" as a phrase of courtesy is all right. Perhaps it is not so frequently used as it should be. But as a phrase of declination of a fraternal service, it should lose its place in an Elk's vocabulary.

A GOOD REPUTATION

WHEN Shakespeare wrote of the futile ambition of seeking "the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth," he was referring to the evanescent acclaim of a bravery glamorously displayed. But reputation, in its real significance, is not a bubble to be suddenly inflated and to burst of its own



inward pressure. That is mere notoriety which is only about as lasting as its front-page value.

Reputation means what its name implies—a rethinking, a second thought conclusion. It is made up of the consensus of deliberate opinion, based upon knowledge of one's every day life. It is of slower growth than notoriety and it is more enduring.

Of course every one desires a good reputation. It is not only a source of proper gratification, but it is a real asset of such value that the law throws about it a peculiarly jealous protection. It is not infrequently one's chief asset, even in commercial life.

It behooves one, therefore, to build such a reputation with patient care and watchfulness. His conduct should be so ordered that none may think ill of it. Questionable practices and suspicious actions should be as studiously avoided as definite evil.

And when the desired repute has been achieved, it should be carefully guarded and cherished. It resists destruction but it is not indestructible. And when destroyed its reconstruction is even more difficult than its first building.

It was the wisest of the ancients who wrote:

"A good name is rather to be chosen
than great riches, and loving favour
rather than silver and gold."

OUR OUTLYING LODGES

GRAND EXALTED RULER MEIER has established a new record in lodge visitations. He has visited a larger number of the distant territorial units than any of his predecessors, having included in his itinerary Alaska, Porto Rica and the Canal Zone.

It is well that these far away brothers should have received this evidence of the interest and pride which the whole Order feels in their fraternal activities and accomplishments. Undoubtedly it will stimulate them to further achievements.

And it is gratifying to have the reports of the Grand Exalted Ruler as to the fine fraternal spirit which he found prevailing in those jurisdictions and the prosperous conditions of the several lodges.

All these subordinate units have been facing the same economic conditions which have affected the lodges of the mainland. The fact that they have maintained their efficiency and their splendid courage, in spite of these

difficulties, should be an inspiration to others. It is true that their somewhat isolated situations tend strongly to influence men to seek the associations afforded by Elk membership. But there are other peculiar conditions which exert a contrary influence; so that they may be fairly considered as comparable in opportunities with the average lodges in the States.

After all it is a matter of personnel and leadership. It is only when interest has flagged and leadership is lacking that any lodge has slipped backward.

The lesson is so obvious it need not be stated in words.

ELKS AID A WORTHY CAUSE

IN the latter days of 1933 there was organized what has been termed 'the most distinguished National Committee ever gathered together for any humanitarian purpose.' The object of this Committee was to raise funds for the endowment of the Warm Springs Foundation, devoted to the care and treatment of sufferers from infantile paralysis. And the method adopted was the holding of a subscription Birthday Ball in every city in the country which could be so interested, on January 30, 1934, the birthday of President Roosevelt.

The secondary objective, but one which tremendously increased the popularity of the movement, was to pay a deserved tribute to the President for his interest in, and practical support of, the Warm Springs Foundation, of which he is also President.

It was a high personal compliment to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, as well as a fraternal compliment to the Order, that he was selected as a member of the National Committee.

Under his active leadership, many of the Elk lodges throughout the country sponsored the movement in their respective communities. And the aggregate sum realized from the balls conducted under their sponsorship constituted a substantial contribution to the endowment fund. It likewise demonstrated anew the value of the Order as an agency for the promotion of nation-wide benevolent projects.

The whole membership will be gratified to know that the Order has played so fine a part in the aid of this appealing cause.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Past Grand Inner Guard McCrossin Mourned by Order

In the death of Past Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin, both Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, and the Order at large have lost a true Elk in every sense of the word. Mr. McCrossin died on January 10, 1934.

As an Elk he was an untiring worker of many years' standing. He was one of the petitioners to the Grand Lodge for a charter for Birmingham Lodge, No. 78, in 1888, and at the second meeting of the Lodge on April 1, he was initiated. From that day on he took a prominent part in the work of the Lodge, succeeding to the station of Exalted Ruler in 1893, and being presented with a Life Membership in 1894. His next office was that of District Deputy, serving during the terms of 1922-23 and 1923-24. Mr. McCrossin attended a great many Grand Lodge conventions and served as Grand Inner Guard for the term of 1927-28.

Until a few weeks before his death, Mr. McCrossin was a regular attendant at Lodge meetings. He had been Chaplain of Birmingham Lodge for a long period. He was President of the Life Membership Club of No. 79, and President of the Elks Historical Club of Birmingham, which possesses a splendid museum of Elks' relics, photographs and important papers.

Mr. McCrossin's funeral services were held on January 12, with many Elks in attendance. Interment took place in the Elmwood Cemetery.

Harry W. English, Past Exalted Ruler and John W. O'Neill, Secretary, Life Members

Union City, N. J., Lodge Institutes Antlers Lodge

Union City, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, recently organized and instituted the first Antlers Lodge of New Jersey. Sixteen boys of high school age were initiated into the Organization, with the officers of Union City Lodge performing the ritual.

Within forty-eight hours of the installation of the officers a crack basketball team was organized, and uniforms had been purchased with "Antlers of Union City Lodge 1357 B.P.O.E." inscribed on the shirts. The Antlers team was almost immediately scheduled to compete in a basketball game with the champion girls' team of Hudson County.



Grand Exalted Ruler Meier and Birmingham, Ala., Elks and their ladies at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen

At their first regular meeting the Antlers obtained eighteen applications for membership, and initiated ten of the candidates. Most of the officers of the Lodge had completely memorized the work of ritual at the initiatory meeting. The Elks of Union City Lodge are proud of their protégés. The charitable aim of the new Antlers Lodge is the assisting of Union City Lodge of Elks in crippled children's relief work.

Officers of the new Antlers Lodge are: Exalted Antler, Henry Gombor; Leading Antler, Francesco Giordano; Loyal Antler, Carl Palermo; Lecturing Antler, Lloyd Hanrahan; Guide, George Allen; Recorder, Alphonso Celintano; Sentinel, Howard Hubner; Chaplain, Fred Weber; Guard, John McDermott; Treasurer, John P. Lusto.

William C. Kronmeyer, Exalted Ruler

ELKS NATIONAL HOME NEEDS BOOKS

The library of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., is becoming somewhat depleted. Inasmuch as the Home depends almost entirely on Lodges and individual members for donations to the library, Superintendent R. A. Scott would greatly appreciate receiving books of all kinds, but particularly fiction. The volumes should be in good condition. On sizable shipments the Home will be glad to pay express charges. Contributions should be addressed to Superintendent Scott at the Home.

New England Elks Mourn Past District Deputy Boom

Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, feels deeply the loss of Past District Deputy Dr. A. K. Boom, whose recent death followed a week's illness from pneumonia. Dr. Boom, who was sixty-seven years of age, had been for forty-five years a practicing physician in Adams, and the oldest general practi-

tioner of medicine, in years of service, in Berkshire County.

Augustus Keefer Boom was born in Albany, N. Y., on May 13, 1866. In 1888, soon after graduating from Western Reserve University at Cleveland, he came to Adams to practice. Within five years of his arrival he was appointed Medical Examiner for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, while for more than twenty-eight years he served as United States Medical Examiner for veterans.

He was a member of the American Medical Society and a Past President of the Northern Berkshire Medical Society and the Berkshire County Medical Society. He was a member of the staff of the North Adams Hospital, and at the time of his death held the office of President of the medical staff of the Plunkett Memorial Hospital. Dr. Boom was the only man who has ever served twelve years on the Adams Board of Selectmen, having been elected for four three-year terms.

Past District Deputy Boom's affiliations with fraternal organizations were numerous, and his worth as a member of societies was amply testified to by the fact that the highest offices possible to be bestowed by the Lodges were conferred upon him.

When North Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 487, was organized, Dr. Boom became Member No. 1. He was also elected the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. As a tribute to his leadership he was appointed District Deputy in Western Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, and he enjoyed the distinction of being the only District Deputy ever assigned to that District—a fact in which the Doctor took great pride.

When Adams Lodge was organized, Dr. Boom once more became Member No. 1, and since the inception of the Lodge he served continuously as one of its Trustees. In May, 1932, he was presented with a life membership in Adams Lodge in recognition of his services to the Order and his exemplification of the principles of Elkdom. The presentation was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen during dedicatory ceremonies held at the Lodge Home. At the same ceremony North Adams Lodge presented Dr. Boom with a gold card case

as a testimonial to his services to North Adams Elks.

Dr. Boom's body was laid in state at the Home of Adams Lodge. His funeral was held on the following day, with the Elk services being faithfully performed. Burial was in Bellevue Cemetery.

Sacramento Lodge Accommodates Women Guests

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, recently opened a portion of its Lodge Home to women guests. Now No. 6 is in a position to welcome as heartily the patronage of Elks traveling with their wives as those traveling alone. The accommodations at Sacramento Lodge are among the best in town, and the rates are nominal.

Washington State Elks Association Meeting

With eighteen of the twenty-one member Lodges represented, the Washington State Elks Association held one of its most successful mid-winter sessions in Tacoma on Sunday, January 14. George E. Secord, of Kelso Lodge, No. 1482, President of the Association, presided at the meeting.

Separate meetings of the Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, Esteemed Leading Knights and Trustees were held in the morning previous to the regular session, which convened at 2 P. M. Each meeting of officers discussed matters of interest to its group. Recommendations concerning Lodge activities, finances, club operations and other matters were made to the regular session as a result of the morning meetings.

Members of the Longview Antlers Organization were present, and told of the activities of their Lodge and of the interest being taken in the Antler body by the young men of the district. On the recommendation of District Deputy Merle G. Ringenberg, each Lodge represented agreed to appoint an Antlers Committee to work toward establishing an Antlers organization in each Lodge. The Association also voted to appoint a standing Antlers Committee.

Dwight S. Hawley, State Secretary

Kingman, Ariz., Lodge Sponsors Lodge of Antlers

In a Lodge room filled to capacity with members of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, a group of young men were initiated as charter members of the Antlers Lodge of Kingman. This Antlers Lodge is the fifth to be instituted in the State of Arizona, the other four being Winslow, Globe, Tucson and Phoenix Lodges. All, save the Phoenix Antlers, have been instituted during the past year as a direct result of the appearance of the Phoenix Antlers before the last meeting

of the Arizona State Elks Association.

The institution of the new Lodge was conducted by Past Exalted Ruler A. W. Crane of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, Chairman of the Antlers Activities Committee of the State Association, as installing officer. He was assisted by Past District Deputy Charles A. Dutton; Past State President W. S. Thompson; Past State Secretary K. W. Davidson; and Ora G. Gruninger, all Past Exalted Rulers of Kingman Lodge, and by W. J. Tarr, A. M. Cook, E. E. Wishon and J. Max Anderson. The initiation was conducted by the officers of the Phoenix Antlers Lodge.

Following the initiation, the Kingman Antlers proceeded to elect officers, placing John Ricca in the chair of Exalted Antler. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, short addresses were delivered by Past Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer, President of the Arizona State Elks Association; Past President Thompson; James A. Godwin, Exalted Ruler of Phoenix Lodge and several members of Kingman Lodge. When the meeting had adjourned an informal dance was given in honor of the new Antlers and their guests.

Danville, Va., Lodge Member Loses Membership Card

Herbert R. Eichwald, a member of Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, recently lost his purse containing his membership card, No. 1036, in Philadelphia, Pa. The card was dated October 9, 1933, and paid up until April 1, 1934. Mr. Eichwald will be much obliged if the finder will send the card to him in care of Danville Lodge, 556 Main Street, Danville, Virginia.

Dave Roman, Secretary

Secretary's Death a Shock to Brooklyn Lodge Membership

The death of Joseph Henry Becker, sixty-five, for twenty-five years the Secretary of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, came as a severe shock to the large membership of the Lodge. Mr. Becker, one of the best known members of the Order in the Metropolitan area, died in the Long Island College Hospital, where he had been a patient for four weeks. He was ill at his home for a week before being taken to the hospital.

Mr. Becker joined the Elks as a young man more than thirty years ago, and he soon became a leading figure in the various activities of the Lodge, being appointed Esquire by Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath. He was elected to the office of Secretary March 17, 1908, and served continuously in that office from then on. He conducted an insurance business in Brooklyn, but the major part of his time was

spent with his work at the Lodge Home.

As Secretary of the largest Lodge in the Order, Mr. Becker was known throughout the country. His death means an irreparable loss to the Elks whom he had served so long. Magistrate Sylvester F. Sabbatino, Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, expressed deep sorrow at the passing of the noted Elk official, pronouncing Mr. Becker the most efficient and careful Secretary the Lodge has ever had. District Deputy Thomas F. Cuite also expressed a profound sense of loss at the death of an old friend.

Manistee, Mich., Lodge Mourns Exalted Ruler Thomas Keely

Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, was stricken with sorrow recently at the loss of its Exalted Ruler, Thomas Keely, when death ended his suffering of the past ten years from a malignant illness.

Sadness prevailed in the Lodge Home on the news of his death; in the offices of the Consolidated Power Company, with which he had been affiliated for many years; in the Home of the Knights of Columbus, for whom he had once acted as Secretary, and in the Rotary Club. Because of his energetic work and enthusiasm in every civic endeavor, Mr. Keely was one of the most loved and respected men in the city of Manistee. He had been conducting a strenuous and successful year as Exalted Ruler of Lodge No. 250.

He was in attendance at the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee last July, and it was he who planned in the main the entertainment for Manistee Lodge's first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler, that paid by Walter F. Meier in October. Mr. Keely's last official act was the expression of a memorial toast at the hour of eleven at the recent New Year's celebration held by the Lodge.

Solemn requiem high mass was conducted by four priests for Mr. Keely. Elk services were held the day before in the Lodge Home. Pall-bearers were members of the Knights of Columbus and of Manistee Lodge of Elks, and interment took place in the Keely family lot in Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

E. W. Pfeiffer

Antlers Lodge Instituted in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Under the auspices and supervision of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, the first Antlers Lodge in Tennessee was instituted at the Lodge Home. Forty-five young men, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, were initiated.

The initiation was conducted by officers and past officers of Chattanooga Lodge. Major Henry E. Hobday, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, taking the Exalted Antler's chair, assisted by Daniel Casey as Leading Antler; Robert DeLuce, Loyal Antler; J. J. Farrell, Lecturing Antler, and Mike O'Grady, Recorder. Senator John Hallberg was in active charge of the class as it proceeded into the initiation ceremonies. After the initiation Senator Hallberg explained in detail the rituals of the Order, and this was followed by short talks by Past Exalted Rulers W. V. Turley and T. Pope Shepherd, and by Dr. F. W. Morgan and George Wittgenfeld.

Officers for the ensuing term were elected by the new Antlers. They were as follows: Exalted Antler, Verner E. Willbanks; Leading Antler, Harry Van Arsdale; Loyal Antler, S. C. Hennessee; Lecturing Antler, John B. Whitten; Recorder, John B. Gott, and Treasurer, Herbert Bates. Installation of the officers was performed by the Atlanta, Ga., Lodge of Antlers, in charge of John S. McClelland, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge.

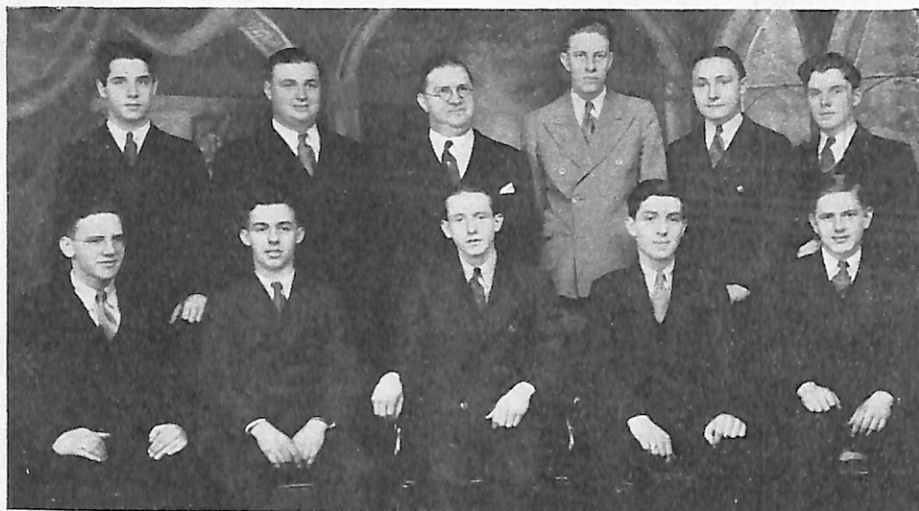
In the meantime the Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga Lodge is preparing for its scheduled visit to New York City this summer.



Standing are Exalted Ruler George Baker and Past-Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson at the New Year's Day initiatory service held by Decorah, Iowa, Lodge, when thirty-seven candidates were initiated

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



The Officers of the Antlers Lodge of Union City, N. J.

Preparations Under Way for N. Y. State Convention

Activities on behalf of preparation for the Annual Convention of the New York State Elks Association, scheduled to be held in Saratoga Springs, June 17-20, were stimulated recently at a meeting of the Executive Committee at the Home of Saratoga Lodge, No. 161, when various features of the convention were discussed.

Among the committeemen present were Past Exalted Ruler C. Z. Miyamoto, Chairman, and J. Paul McGirr, Vice-Chairman, of the Decoration Committee; and Past Exalted Ruler P. J. Landry, Chairman, and John Savard, Vice-Chairman, of the Uniform Committee. P. F. Rox, Chairman, and Exalted Ruler D. L. Baker, Vice-Chairman, of the Automobile Committee, recently held a luncheon meeting of their Committee.

Dist. Dep. Eugene J. Lakemarsin Honored by New England Elks

District Deputy Eugene J. Lakemarsin, of Massachusetts, Northeast, was tendered a royal reception on his homecoming visit to Revere, Mass., Lodge, No. 1171, in the spacious Crescent Garden Ballroom in Revere. Presided over by Exalted Ruler Charles W. Nelson, the meeting was attended by fully one thousand Elks from sixteen Lodges in Massachusetts. District Deputy James D. DeRocher and his entourage from New Hampshire also paid tribute to Mr. Lakemarsin.

District Deputy Lakemarsin was accompanied on all his seventeen official visitations by the Hon. Andrew A. Cassassa, a charter member of Revere Lodge and President of The Mayors' Club of Massachusetts. Mr. Cassassa was among those feted.

Mr. Lakemarsin was presented with a purse of money from the membership of Revere Lodge, a gold wrist watch from the officers and members, and a substantial gift from his twin sons, who were initiated into the Order on the same night. In the initiation ceremonies Mr. Lakemarsin was assisted by Past Exalted Rulers Cornelius F. A'Hearn and Edward H. Homer, Jr., both of whom were presented with gifts as tokens of esteem from their fellow members of Revere Lodge.

Features of the official visitation included the initiation of twenty candidates, the splendid drill work of the Drill and Degree Team of Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, and the music furnished by Past District Deputy Frederick T. Strachan and his orchestra of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, No. 1078. Speeches were made by some of the dignitaries in official Elksdom, and of the State and City.

Among those present at the meeting were the following distinguished members of the Order: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Joseph F. Mellyn, Grand Lodge Reporter and Personal Secretary to Mayor Mansfield, of Boston; District Deputies Fred H. Scholl, of Massachusetts Central, and James D. DeRocher, of New Hampshire; and Past District Deputies Edward J. Gihon, John P. Farley, William H. McSweeney, James E. Donnelly, Raymond E. Henchey, Robert M. Dowe, Ned C. Loud, Frederick T. Strachan, Harry E. Gleason, Daniel J. Honan, and John F. Burke.

The Massachusetts State Elks Association was represented by President Edward D. Larkin; Third Vice-President John E. Moynahan; Treasurer Bernard E. Carhin; Chairman of the Board of Trustees Arthur J. Hart; Trustees Frank J. McHugh and William B. Jackson; and Past Presidents Michael H. McCarron, Past Grand Tiler, and John P. Brennan.

A large group of Past Exalted Rulers of Revere Lodge and other Lodges of Massachusetts were in evidence. District Deputy Lakemarsin is a Past Exalted Ruler, Chairman of the Board of Trustees and Honorary Life Member of Revere Lodge. Entertainment and a banquet at the Home followed the most enthusiastic reception held by the Lodge in many years.

*Sidney J. Paine, Correspondent,
Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908*

Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Joins State Association

Accompanied by District Deputy R. D. Lake, First Vice-President of the West Virginia State Elks Association, State Secretary Walter B. Wilson recently paid a visit to

Bluefield Lodge, No. 269. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by both Elk officials, who were presented to nearly one hundred and fifty members of the Lodge who had assembled to greet them. Before the close of the meeting, Bluefield Lodge had become a member of the State Organization.

It is now the hope of the officers of the Association that Hinton, Beckley, Princeton and Huntington Lodges will also become members at an early date.

Walter B. Wilson, State Secretary

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Greets District Deputy Moran

Glowing tribute to District Deputy James H. Moran was paid by a host of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, Elks as well as by delegations representing Lodges in other parts of the Eastern District of New York, at a dinner given by New Rochelle Lodge in its Home. The dinner was in honor of the official homecoming of Mr. Moran, who had made a tour of the eleven Lodges in the District. After the dinner the Elks repaired to the Lodge room where an initiation of candidates was performed. Six candidates were inducted into the Order with a splendid exemplification of the ritual. New Rochelle Lodge then presented District Deputy Moran with a beautiful chest of flat silver.

Mr. Moran delivered a frank, forthright address that left little unsaid. His speech was followed by that of State Vice-President George A. Danner, who urged that the membership contribute a penny a day toward the establishment of a New York State Home for aged and indigent Elks. Mr. Danner announced that the 1934 Convention of the New York State Elks Association will be held in Saratoga Springs from June 17 to 20.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Pelham, a Past Exalted Ruler of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, also spoke, praising the work of Mr. Moran and commending the Lodge officers on their performance of the ritual. Other speakers were District Deputy Thomas F. Cuite, of New York Southeast, and Past Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr, of New York Lodge, No. 1.

Also present at the meeting were: Past District Deputies Joseph E. Vigeant, of Poughkeepsie Lodge; Judge Richard Leo Fallon of New Rochelle Lodge; Frank J. McGuire, of White Plains Lodge; Charles S. Hart, of Mount Vernon Lodge, and Gerald Nolan, of Yonkers Lodge. Nine Exalted Rulers of the eleven Westchester Lodges were present. They were: Anthony W. Mazzarella, of New Rochelle Lodge; Thomas P. McLaughlin, of White Plains Lodge; J. Lewis Bolton, of Beacon Lodge; Fred P. Nix, Jr., of Yonkers Lodge; John G. Parker, of Mount Vernon Lodge; Ray C. Delaney, of Ossining Lodge; Frank S. Stevens, of Mount Kisco Lodge; Thomas E. Steptoe, of Mamaroneck Lodge, and William E. Desmond, of Port Chester Lodge. Dr. Nelson R. Borst, the first Exalted Ruler of Poughkeepsie Lodge was also present.

Jack L'Hoest

Past President Sclater Honored by Hampton Lodge

Thomas L. Sclater, Past President of the Virginia State Elks Association, was recently presented with a silver bowl at an observa-

tion of "State Association Night" held by Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, in recognition of his services as head of the Organization. The presentation address was delivered by President J. Grover Mayo, who spoke of the excellent work done by Mr. Sclater. The latter, after expressing his thanks for the gift, gave a brief history of Hampton Lodge with which he has been affiliated since its institution. Mr. Sclater has been Secretary of No. 366 for more than thirty years.

Past Exalted Ruler H. O. Farmer, of Portsmouth Lodge, No. 82, spoke on the work of the State Association, and President Mayo told of the arrangements being made for this year's observance of Flag Day at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, at Charlottesville, Va., on June 14. The principal address on the occasion will be delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier.

Other talks were given by Past District Deputy Roland D. Cock, Howard W. Saunders, the second Exalted Ruler of Hampton Lodge, and Secretary H. H. Vandegrift, of Newport News Lodge, No. 315. A buffet lunch served in the grill room followed the business session.

Successful Season Enjoyed by Rome, N. Y., Lodge

Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, is rapidly becoming the social center of its City. Practically every other social and fraternal organization in Rome uses the Lodge Home's facilities for holding dances and banquets. The Knights of Columbus, the Masons, the Girl and Boy Scout Councils, school teachers, the local Eastern Star organization, and many other groups hold banquets in No. 96's spacious Lodge room, which is easily and readily converted for dining or dancing parties.

At present Rome Lodge is proud of showing a substantial gain in membership at a period when almost all membership rosters are at ebb-tide. During the past fall and winter months an attractive membership offer resulted in the securing of many new memberships, especially among the younger men.

The Lodge's By-Laws have been amended, limiting the membership to six hundred. The rush of men to join the Lodge before the ban became effective on January 1, 1934, boosted the roster to almost seven hundred. What will probably be the last class initiated for some time to come was to be inducted into the Order on Past Exalted Rulers' Night in February. Many old members of the Lodge were reclaimed through a nominal reinstatement fee plus their dues for the remainder of the semi-annual period.

Martin R. Marriott, Correspondent

Massachusetts Elks Honor District Deputy Scholl

Elks from twenty-nine Massachusetts Lodges, from New Hampshire and Rhode Island, from Salt Lake City, Utah, and Seattle, Washington—including many dignitaries of the Order and prominent public officials—gathered at the Town Hall in Winchester, Mass., recently, to honor District Deputy Fred H. Scholl, of Massachusetts Central. The occasion was his official homecoming visitation to Winchester Lodge, No. 1445, of which he is a Past Exalted Ruler.

Among those present at the function were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Edward D. Larkin, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Past President Michael H. McCarron, Past Grand Tiler; Past President Thomas J. Brady, Past Grand Tiler; District Deputy James A. Bresnahan and his suite from Massachusetts West; District Deputy James F. McClusky and a delegation from Massachusetts Southeast; District Deputy Eugene J. Lakemarsin and a delegation from Massachusetts Northeast; District Deputy James D. DeRocher of New Hampshire and his suite, accompanied by James D. DeRocher, Jr.; representatives from all the Lodges of the Massachusetts Central District, headed by their Exalted Rulers; and Exalted Ruler Lee Whitman and a delegation from Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14. The following Past District Deputies also were present: William E. Earl, Past State President; Michael T. Burke, John F. McGann, Frederick T. Strachan, Frank B. Twitchell, H. Wesley Curtis and Bernard S. McHugh.

The meeting included an initiatory ceremony, the work of ritual being exemplified by the officers of Winchester Lodge. Following the initiation District Deputy Scholl was tendered a reception, during the course of which he was presented with an honorary life membership card in a jeweled gold case, suitably engraved. A mahogany Governor Winthrop desk, the gift of Winchester Lodge, was presented to Mr. Scholl by Exalted Ruler Everett P. Hambly, who also presented him with an electric clock, the gift of his "Convention Pals."

The District Deputy also received a fine traveling bag from his sons, a mirror table server from Past Exalted Ruler and Mrs. George H. Lochman, and a desk set from the Winchester Emblem Club. Mr. Lochman was presented with a table lamp on behalf of the Lodge. District Deputy Scholl presented both Mr. Lochman and Mr. Hambly with gold Elks cuff links.

A number of fine addresses were made by many of the distinguished Elks and prominent officials of the State, and music

was furnished by Past District Deputy Frederick T. Strachan and his orchestra from Winthrop Lodge; the organist of Winchester Lodge and a group of Elks from Revere Lodge.

After the reception a banquet was served in the Elks' quarters in Lyceum Hall. Once the banquet was over, friends of District Deputy and Mrs. Scholl gathered at the Scholl home on Vince Street where a second reception was held, many leading local and visiting Elks with their ladies paying their respects to the popular couple.

*Sidney J. Paine, Correspondent,
Woburn Lodge, No. 908*

Beacon, N. Y., Elks Hail District Deputy Moran

District Deputy James H. Moran and George A. Danner, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, recently paid an official visit to Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493. Both officials were accompanied by delegations from New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, headed by Exalted Ruler Anthony W. Mazzarella, and from Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1486, headed by Exalted Ruler Ray C. Delaney.

Also present were delegations from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, headed by Exalted Ruler Edward R. Myer, and from Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, headed by Exalted Ruler E. Lee Heidenreich, Jr. Past District Deputies Richard Leo Fallon of New Rochelle Lodge, Henry Kohl of Newburgh Lodge, and Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant of Poughkeepsie Lodge also attended the meeting.

The guests of the evening were given a reception and dinner at the Holland Hotel, and were later escorted to the Lodge Home where initiation of a class of three candidates was performed. Following the meeting in the Lodge room the visitors were entertained in the grill, where a buffet luncheon was served.

A short time ago the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Beacon Lodge, under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler Dr. Charles B. Dugan, distributed four hundred pairs of shoes among the needy children in the jurisdiction of Beacon Lodge. Over one hundred letters thanking the Elks for the gifts were received by Chairman Dugan.

John J. Hayden, Correspondent

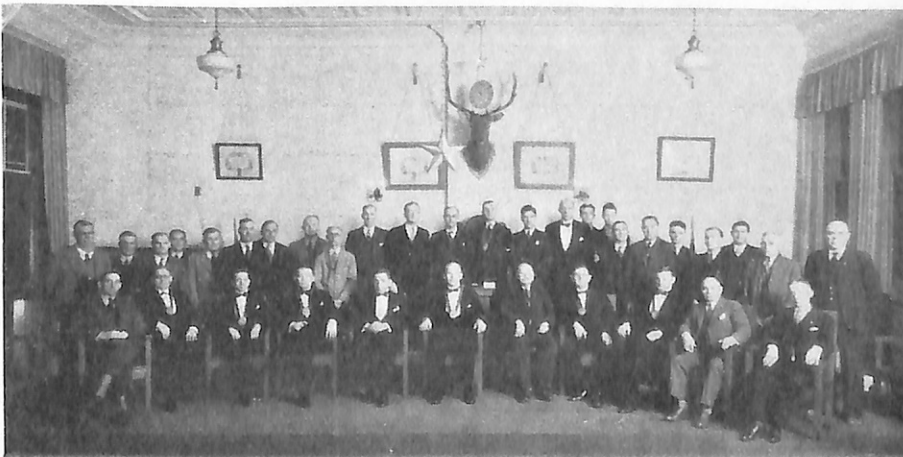
West Haven, Conn., Lodge Greet District Deputy Conkling

One of the most enthusiastic welcomes ever accorded by West Haven, Conn., Lodge No. 1537, was that recently tendered District Deputy William T. Conkling, as he entered the Home of the Lodge on the occasion of his official homecoming visit. Mr. Conkling was the first Exalted Ruler of West Haven Lodge. He has made fourteen visits around the State, that to his Home Lodge being the last.

West Haven Lodge took especial pride in having one of its members named to the office of District Deputy, as the organization is only six years old. Mr. Conkling was greeted on his homecoming by five Past District Deputies and by thirty-five Exalted and Past Exalted Rulers. A supper followed the business session at which three candidates were initiated by Exalted Ruler Edward Granfield and his officers.

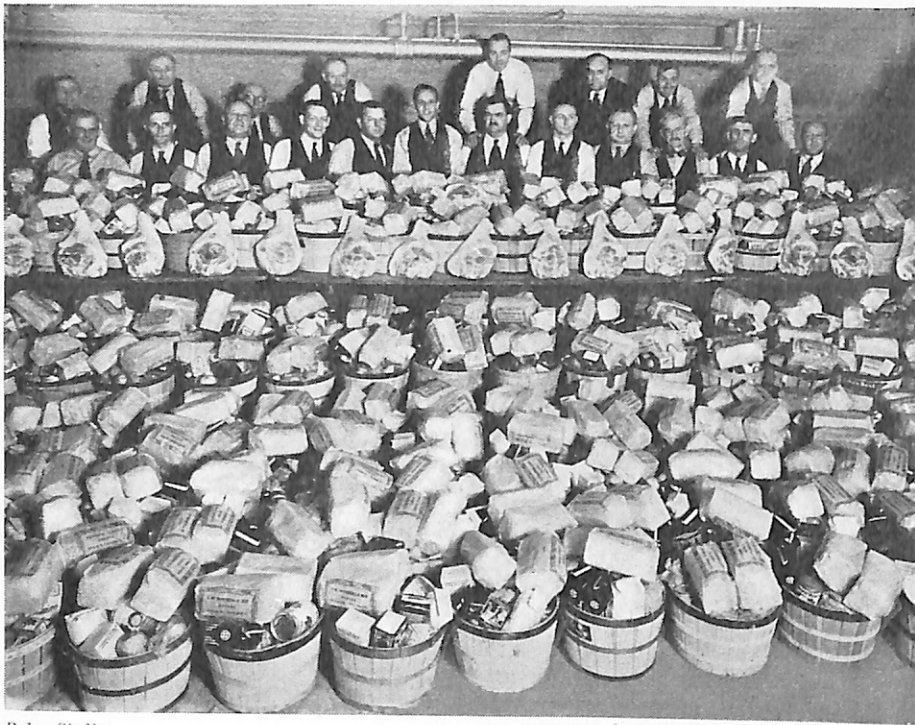
As a token of his appreciation of the support accorded him throughout the fall and winter, District Deputy Conkling gave a dinner to the members of his staff at the Lodge Home shortly after his homecoming. Twenty-four guests were present. Following the dinner a most enjoyable evening, enlivened with songs and stories, was spent.

George H. Haynes, Chaplain



Cheyne's Studio

Members of Hampton, Va., Lodge with District Deputy Wagenheim



Ruben Studios

Christmas baskets distributed by Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge

Mannington, W. Va., Lodge Visited by District Deputy Wilson

District Deputy Walter B. Wilson, Secretary of the West Virginia State Elks Association, recently paid his official visit to Mannington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 388. The occasion of his visit was a big event to the members, and Mr. Wilson's speech at a splendid Lodge session was thoroughly enjoyed by the assembled Elks. After the meeting a social hour was held and a buffet luncheon served by the Entertainment Committee.

Another event held by the Lodge was the banquet to the Mannington High School Football Squad in the Lodge room. Several excellent addresses were made by members of the Lodge, High School Faculty and Press, and by the football players themselves. The evening was enjoyed by all.

Exalted Ruler Woods P. Rymer

Burlington, Vt., Lodge Helps Feed Hungry Children

Burlington, Vermont, Lodge, No. 916, recently inaugurated another series of Nationality Nights, the opening event being called "Greek Night." More than one hundred Elks sat down to an excellent dinner prepared in Grecian style. A meeting followed the dinner, and the Lodge evinced its appreciation of the entertainment and dinner provided by the Greek membership with a rising vote of thanks. The next of the Nationality Nights was scheduled to be "Jewish Night."

The Burlington Elks recently decided to exemplify the principle of charity by sponsoring in their city the furnishing of meals to undernourished children. As their part in this worthwhile work the Elks offered the use of their vacant store and dishes. At the first meal one hundred and fifty hungry children sat down to a well-prepared and carefully balanced luncheon and returned to school refreshed in mind and body. Luncheon consisted of hamburger steak, boiled rice, onions, tomatoes, string beans, bread and butter, a pint of milk, molasses cookies and apples, and yet it was estimated that the first day's luncheon cost only ten cents per child.

In addition, the public nature of the project has given employment to five women, including the cook, who prepares and serves the meals. It is the hope of the sponsors that a warm, noon-day meal may be served the children each school day during the cold months of the year.

Edward J. Dailey, Correspondent

Woburn, Mass., Lodge Holds Annual Charity Ball

Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, recently held its noted Annual Charity Ball at the Woburn State Armory. The Grand March, led by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Albert M. Little, followed an entertainment and concert staged from nine to nine-forty-five P.M. Then dancing ensued until one in the morning to the music of the Hastings Broadcasting Orchestra, of radio fame. The band featured the singing of Leo Rafferty, well known Boston tenor.

The entertainment, which was varied and amusing, included the tap-dancing of thirteen-year-old Mildred McMurray,

winner of an advanced tap-dancing contest, sponsored by Bill Robinson, the noted New York stage star. Miss McMurray is the outstanding tap-dancer of her generation in New England. Later the Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered with impressive ceremony by Past District Deputy Raymond E. Henchey, of Massachusetts Northeast. The proceeds realized from the Ball were devoted to charity and other important needs.

Sidney J. Paine, Correspondent

Eighty Candidates Initiated in Mobile, Ala., Lodge

Flying purple and white colors on their automobiles, a delegation of Florida Elks headed by Governor David Sholtz, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, moved into the City of Mobile, Ala., to join a parade of members of Mobile Lodge, No. 108, staged as part of a celebration held in honor of the initiation of a big class of candidates. A local delegation met the Florida motorcade which consisted of nineteen automobiles. Exalted Ruler Fournier J. Gale greeted the visiting Elks informally.

Following the parade a social hour was enjoyed and a banquet was held. At eight P.M. the visiting Elks and their hosts assembled in the Lodge room and entered into the initiation of eighty candidates and the reinstatement of twenty-seven former members. The initiation ceremonies were conducted by the degree team of Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497, headed by Exalted Ruler A. E. Langford. The visitors were later welcomed formally by Exalted Ruler Gale at the opening of the nine P.M. banquet held in the elaborately decorated dining hall of the Lodge Home.

Representative W. C. Taylor introduced Governor Sholtz who delivered a most interesting address on "The Fundamental Principles of Elkdom." Another address, "What it Takes to be a Good Elk" was given by Judge Leon McCord, a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, who is a candidate for Governor of Alabama. Speakers for other visiting delegations gave brief talks. A musical program was presented.

Aside from the group of Florida visitors, delegations from Montgomery, Ala., headed by District Deputy Thomas E. Martin, candidate for Circuit Judge in the Montgomery district; from New York City, and from Biloxi, Mississippi, were present. The celebration closed on the following night with the Lodge's Birthday Ball for President Roosevelt.

Similar initiations of large classes of candidates are occurring in many Lodges all over the country.



Mr. Meier before the Confederate Monument at Montgomery, Ala.

Three Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

AT a regular meeting of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, held on January 2, 1934, a resolution was unanimously adopted declaring it the purpose of the Lodge to propose the name of the Hon. David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, at the 1934 Convention of the Grand Lodge, for the office of Grand Trustee for the full term.

Governor Sholtz was initiated into Daytona Lodge, No. 1141 (now Daytona Beach Lodge) in 1914. He was elected Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1917, and volunteered in 1918 to join the Naval Service for the period of the World War. He served his Lodge as Esteemed Leading Knight during the term of 1919-1920, and was elected Exalted Ruler in 1921.

Governor Sholtz served as President of the Florida State Elks Association during the term 1921-1922, and was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Eastern District of Florida in 1923. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1927.

Governor Sholtz was appointed to membership on the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge for the years 1928-1929-1930-1931-1932, serving as Chairman of the Committee during his last two years, and was elected unanimously Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at the Grand Lodge Convention of 1933. He is not only an Elk of fine loyalty and devotion, but also an outstanding citizen of personality and ability.

Governor Sholtz served in the Florida

Legislature in 1917, and as State Attorney in 1919, 1920 and 1921. He was appointed Municipal Judge in 1921. He was President of the Florida Chamber of Commerce during 1928-1929.

Lastly, he was elected overwhelmingly as Governor of Florida in the primaries and general election of 1932, and has just completed the first year of his four-year term.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents J. Edgar Masters For Grand Secretary

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, has announced that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for re-election at the 1934 Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City.

Mr. Masters has been a member of the Order since 1903, when he joined Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was a Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. In 1915 he became a Grand Trustee and he acted as Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

In 1922 Mr. Masters was elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. From that year, when he was a member ex-officio, until 1927, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in

September, 1927, and was reelected to that office at the 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933 Grand Lodge Conventions.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Presents James F. Duffy For Grand Treasurer

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, will present Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy as a candidate for re-election at the forthcoming Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Duffy became a member of Providence Lodge in 1907. In 1910 he was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight; in 1911 Esteemed Loyal Knight; in 1912 Esteemed Leading Knight, and in 1913 Exalted Ruler. He served as Lodge Treasurer from 1914 to 1916. In 1923, in order to fill an unexpired term of two years, he was elected Trustee. He was reelected to that office in 1925, 1928 and 1931.

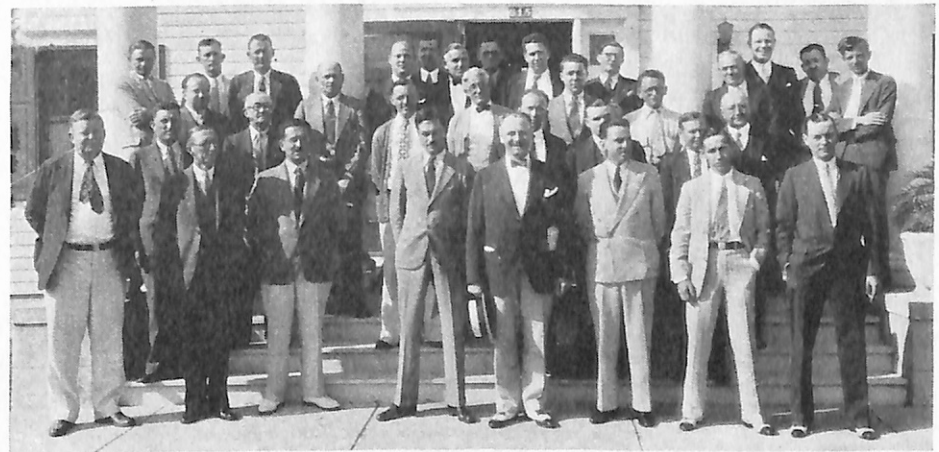
For the past eleven years Mr. Duffy has been Chairman of the Board of Trustees of his Lodge. In 1913 he was elected a life member for his distinguished service to the Order and he represented his Lodge at the Grand Lodge Convention in Denver in 1914. He was appointed District Deputy of Rhode Island in 1916 and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1919. At the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago in 1920 he was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1921, and Grand Treasurer in 1932 and 1933.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON the morning of November 2, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier left Robinson, Ill., Lodge No. 1188, accompanied by Exalted Ruler Irvin W. Lloyd, and stopped for a while at Olney, Ill. Here, also, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier had the distinction of being the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit Olney Lodge, No. 926. His speech in the Lodge room was enjoyed by over twenty-five officers and members who had gathered to greet him at this morning meeting.

In a car driven by A. E. Colbert, a member of Carbondale, Ill., Lodge No. 1243, who, accompanied by District Deputy Roy S. Huffman, had made the trip from Carbondale to Olney to escort the Grand Exalted Ruler during the rest of that day, Mr. Meier proceeded to Mount Vernon, Ill., Lodge No. 819, where he lunched with some thirty members, speaking to them afterward.

At Mount Vernon Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was joined by District Deputy F. J. Friedli, and the officials traveled together to Benton, Ill., Lodge No. 1234, where they were met by the officers and a



Florida Photographic Co.

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier in front of the Home of Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge with a group of members and officers on the occasion of his official visit

large number of members. This was the first time Benton Lodge had ever been so honored by a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order.

The next visit was paid to West Frankfort, Ill., Lodge No. 1340, where again Mr. Meier was the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit the Lodge. He was greeted by the officers and by Past District Deputy Louis A. Calcaterra. Mr. Meier was happy to confer with the members of No. 1340 and also to have this occasion to call on Past District Deputy C. D. Midkiff, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association, who is confined to his home by illness.

Upon leaving West Frankfort, Mr. Meier proceeded to Marion, Ill., Lodge No. 800, where again he proved to be the first Grand Exalted Ruler ever to visit the Lodge. His visit was necessarily short and at its termination he left for Carbondale where he was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. At Carbondale Mr.

Meier was guest of honor at a dinner followed by a Lodge meeting at which twelve candidates were initiated into the Order by a special degree team made up of Elks from many Lodges of Illinois.

There were present at the dinner and meeting about two hundred members of the Order, including District Deputies Huffman and Friedli; Third Vice-President Edmund F. Curtin, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; State Trustees Raymond C. Moore and E. R. Jones; Past Vice-President Carl N. Hardy and Past District Deputies Clyde Brewster, A. J. Knoblauch, Louis Calcaterra and L. R. Kelly.

Following the meeting at Carbondale Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was driven to Belleville by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, and Mr. Meier was a guest in their home over night.

On November 3, accompanied by Mr. Campbell and District Deputy Friedli Mr.



At New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, Mr. Meier with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and other distinguished Southern Elk officials

Meier was driven to Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158, where he was met by a reception committee which included Chairman V. Y. Dahlman; Past State President W. H. Crum; Past Vice-President Dr. Elmer E. Hagler; Mayor John W. Kapp, Jr., Exalted Ruler William J. Riordan and a number of prominent and enthusiastic Elks and public officials.

After having been received at the Lodge Home, Mr. Meier was driven to the Governor's Mansion where he and the members of the Reception Committee were given an audience with Governor Henry Horner. The Governor then joined the Grand Exalted Ruler's party which went on to the Tomb of Abraham Lincoln where, in the name of the Order, the Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath, speaking briefly to those who accompanied him. Following the ceremony Mr. Meier and his party were driven back to the Home of Springfield Lodge.

That evening he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by Mr. Campbell and the officers and a number of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, in addition to the members of his party. Here Mr. Meier spoke to the assembled gathering, his talk centering principally on the subject of leadership, stressing the necessity of both the present officers of the Lodge and also those who had finished their terms of office remaining steadfast and constant in their service to the Order.

Following the dinner there was a Lodge meeting with 150 present. Both the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell delivered addresses. After the meeting Mr. Meier and his party were escorted to the ball room in the Home where members of the Antlers Lodge of Springfield and their friends were being entertained at a party. During a break in the program Mr. Meier was introduced in his official capacity and spoke briefly to the young men.

On the morning of November 4 Mr. Meier was driven by District Deputy Friedli to the Home of Carlinville, Ill., Lodge No. 1412, where once more he had the distinction of being the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit the Lodge. Upon leaving Carlinville in company with Mr. Friedli, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654, where Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon. Here

the representation of members was most pleasing to the Grand Exalted Ruler, there being at the luncheon about eighty members of the Order, including many Past Exalted Rulers. As Mr. Meier is a member of the bar in the State of Washington, a special invitation had been extended to resident lawyers of Litchfield, and a number were present in their official capacity. Past District Deputy William Ryan, Jr., was also present to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech.

Following the luncheon Mr. Meier and Mr. Friedli drove to the Home of Granite City, Ill., Lodge No. 1063. A group of members had gathered to greet Mr. Meier, among them being a number of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge.

Upon leaving Granite City, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to East St. Louis Lodge No. 664, where he conferred with the officers and members before proceeding to Belleville and returning to the home of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell once more.

At eight o'clock that evening both Mr. Meier and Mr. Campbell were guests of honor at a banquet given by the members of Belleville Lodge No. 481, about one hundred and fifty of whom were present, among them being District Deputy Friedli and Congressman Edwin M. Schaefer. The members of No. 481 were most gracious to the Grand Exalted Ruler and in appreciation of his visit presented him with a handsome electric clock.

AFTER spending Sunday, November 5, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Meier and Mr. Campbell drove to the Home of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9, where a delegation of St. Louis Elks escorted them to Hannibal, Mo., Lodge No. 1198. In the Grand Exalted Ruler's party were included Grand Esquire Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis; District Deputy E. J. Martt, and Robert L. Probst, Chairman of the Athletic Committee.

At noon Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Hannibal Lodge, with 165 members of the Order present, including the members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's escort, Past District Deputy G. D. Bartram and several prominent City officials. Following luncheon Mr. Meier delivered the

main address of the occasion, and Grand Esquire Dickmann also took the opportunity to make a short talk.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to St. Charles, Mo., Lodge No. 690, where he met a group of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, the officers and many members. Later, under the same escort, Mr. Meier proceeded to Washington, Mo., Lodge No. 1559. The entertainment here consisted of a dinner and dance in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, with many distinguished Elks of the City present, along with the members of Mr. Meier's escort, and Dr. Carroll Smith, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. During an intermission of the dance Mr. Meier spoke to the assemblage and Grand Esquire Dickmann also delivered a short address.

The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler's party proceeded to Columbia, Mo., Lodge No. 594. In Columbia Mr. Meier spoke at a luncheon attended by nearly one hundred and fifty of the most prominent men of the City, including members of Columbia Lodge, M. F. Thurston, Third Vice-President of the Missouri State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy H. E. Stephenson. The Grand Exalted Ruler's speech was the principal one at the luncheon.

Proceeding under the same escort, Mr. Meier drove to Sedalia, Mo., Lodge No. 125, where he was guest of honor at a dinner following which there were speeches, and also musical selections rendered by three ladies of the City. Mr. Meier was introduced by Dr. M. E. Gouge, President of the State Elks Association and spoke at some length. Grand Esquire Dickmann and District Deputy Martt also spoke.

Included in the long list of prominent Elks present at this affair were State Association Treasurer A. A. Lobban and Past President Harry R. Garrison, heading a delegation from Warrensburg Lodge No. 673, and Past State President Otto C. Botz, a Past Exalted Ruler of the host Lodge. Kansas City Lodge No. 26, was represented by a delegation headed by Exalted Ruler Dwight Roberts, Secretary E. L. Biersmith, a Past District Deputy, and Past Exalted Ruler E. G. Stevens. Daniel E. Kennedy, Past Exalted Ruler of Sedalia Lodge, was Toastmaster.

FROM Sedalia the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Des Moines, Iowa, where, upon his arrival, on November 8, he was met by the Exalted Ruler, the Secretary, and several Past Exalted Rulers of Des Moines Lodge No. 98. That evening he was guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lodge. Among the hundred and fifty persons present were the following distinguished members of the Order: Harry C. Phillips, President of the Iowa State Elks Association; District Deputies James J. Deering and Henry E. Cook; Past District Deputies J. A. Walser and Harry N. Moetzel; Governor Clyde L. Her-ring, who delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the State; Attorney-General O'Connor, who also spoke briefly on behalf of the State; Past Exalted Ruler Walter F. Maley, Assistant Attorney-General, who was master of ceremonies, and several Past Exalted Rulers, officers and Exalted Rulers of surrounding Lodges. Mr. Meier's was the principal address of the evening.

The following morning saw the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Exalted Ruler F. E. Handley, of Dubuque, Iowa, Lodge No. 297, paying a visit to Grinnell, Iowa, Lodge No. 1266, where he was received by some twenty-five members of the Lodge including the Exalted Ruler and Secretary.

Mr. Meier then continued on his way to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Lodge No. 251, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon of one hundred and fifty members. Present at the affair were many figures prominent in the

civic life of Cedar Rapids, and also Grand Chaplain the Rev. John Dysart, State Association Secretary Lial D. Ross, Colonel C. B. Robbins, former Assistant Secretary of War and a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 251, and many officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. After several welcoming talks, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his address, the principal one of the occasion.

Upon leaving Cedar Rapids Mr. Meier proceeded to Dubuque Lodge, where he visited with many of the members. On the drive to Dubuque he was met at the outskirts of the City by an escort of ten automobiles and by a large number of prominent Elks and citizens, among them being Past District Deputy M. L. Chapman. At seven P. M. Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a banquet given in the Lodge Home, attended by about one hundred and fifty members of the Order.

Brief but interesting talks were given by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. Grand Chaplain Dysart, and Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. State Trustee Dr. J. A. Walser and Past State President J. Lindley Coon were also present. Allen Kane, a prominent attorney of Dubuque, acted as toastmaster.

ON the following day, November 10, in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, Mr. Meier traveled to Galena, Ill., Lodge No. 882, where he visited with officers and members of the Lodge including a number of Past Exalted Rulers. He addressed them in reference to the year's program of activities to be planned and carried out. Following the visitation to Galena Lodge, Judge Thompson drove Mr. Meier to the Home of Freeport, Ill., Lodge No. 617, where he delivered a brief but interesting address to the assembled members.

The next visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler and Judge Thompson was to Rockford, Ill., Lodge No. 64, where an elaborate luncheon had been prepared for the visiting dignitaries. Mr. Meier spoke to the hundred members and citizens of the City assembled before him, among whom were Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Com-

mittee on Judiciary; District Deputy D. M. Lotts of Illinois Northwest and District Deputy F. R. O'Neal of Wisconsin South; Past District Deputy E. E. Fell; former Lieutenant-Governor F. E. Sterling and former Judge of the Supreme Court Oscar E. Heard.

UPON leaving Rockford, Mr. Meier proceeded to Beloit, Wis., Lodge No. 864, where some thirty members had gathered to listen to a short talk delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. District Deputy O'Neal, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was on hand to join in the reception.

Judge Thompson accompanied Grand Exalted Ruler Meier on his next visit which was to Madison, Wis., Lodge No. 410, where they were guests of honor at a banquet given by the Lodge at which were present many members and their wives. All told there were 250 persons attending to hear the speeches made and to join in the dancing that followed.

Prominent among the guests were: Clayton F. Van Pelt, a member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46, who is a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; District Deputy O'Neal; William J. Conway, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Frank P. McAdams, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; William F. Schad, Trustee of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; Past District Deputies Dennis C. Sullivan, Frank A. Maxwell and P. T. Weber; Governor Albert C. Schmedeman; and Supreme Court Judges George Nelson, John D. Wickhem and Oscar M. Fritz.

On the following morning, November 11, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Judge Thompson journeyed to Waukesha, Wis., Lodge No. 400, where they were greeted by twenty-five members of the Lodge among whom were Past State President George L. Dwinell, Past District Deputy G. Holmes Daubner and Exalted Ruler L. A. Peters.

After delivering a brief address, Mr. Meier was driven to Racine, Wis., Lodge No. 252, in the car of Exalted Ruler H. J. Thomas, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson having gone direct to Evanston, Ill., where the

Grand Exalted Ruler was scheduled to speak later. At Racine Lodge over a hundred members met with Mr. Meier at a luncheon, among those in attendance being Past District Deputies P. T. Weber and Henry C. Baker, and a number of Past Exalted Rulers and present officers of neighboring Lodges.

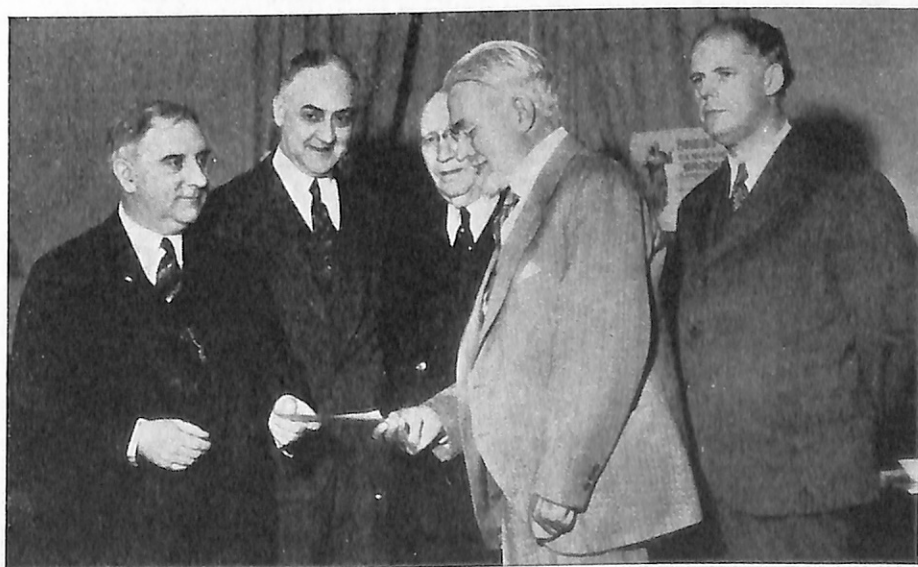
After a brief address the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken in charge by Past District Deputy Judge C. E. Randall of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750, who drove Mr. Meier to the Lodge Home where more than seventy-five members were gathered to hear a speech by the head of the Order. Among those who greeted him were Exalted Ruler Judge George W. Taylor; District Deputy George E. Davis of Illinois Northeast; Past District Deputies Sidney M. Jones, Otis L. Trenary, P. T. Weber and Henry C. Baker; and former State Trustee P. H. Moohan.

Following this gathering the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven by District Deputy Davis to the home of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson where, together with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, he was a guest of Judge and Mrs. Thompson at dinner. After dinner the party proceeded to the Home of Evanston Lodge No. 1316, where about two hundred members had gathered for the purpose of initiating the candidates in the National Armistice Day Class. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier addressed the assemblage at 8:00 P. M., after which he left hurriedly for Chicago in order to participate in the Elks National Broadcast transmitted from New York and Chicago to all parts of the United States.

After the broadcasting of his speech in Chicago at 9:30, the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed at Chicago Lodge No. 4, by about three hundred members of the Order. Shortly after his arrival he was introduced and delivered an address to the Lodge.

In order to receive the National Broadcast, Chicago Lodge had installed a new "All Waves" radio, a custom-built instrument which is pronounced to be one of the finest radios manufactured. In commemoration of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Chicago Lodge, E. H. Scott, the manufacturer, who is a member of No. 4, presented Mr. Meier

(Continued on page 48)



Rotofotos

The Elks National Foundation contributed \$2,000 to the Warm Springs Foundation as a birthday gift to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The presentation was made by Chairman John F. Malley and Secretary Murray Hulbert, to Col. Henry L. Doherty, Chairman of the National Committee on The President's Birthday Ball, in the presence of Joseph T. Fanning, Chairman of the Division of Fraternal Orders, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson

An Old Man's Request

By Dick Kromer

Life Member, White Plains, N. Y.,
Lodge, No. 535

When I die I'll turn to worms—
That's the bait.
In my casket place my rod,
There I'll wait.
Six feet deep is the place for big
browns,
All my life I've been dying for one
seven pounds.



Dick Kromer, the author of the above poem—still very much alive

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



Frank Field and J. E. Cupp, of Eugene, Ore., Lodge No. 357, with a catch of cut-throat trout hooked on the north fork of the Siuslaw River with a wet fly and spinner. There are thirty-six fish in all

Left: W. C. Kipp, President of the Central District Association, Pennsylvania, with a fine 12-point, 225 lb. buck taken in Jefferson County. Mr. Kipp divided his splendid and hardly won prize among many of his large circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the Order of Elks



Left: Julian C. Calhoun, of Palatka, Fla., Lodge No. 1232, with a 6 ft. 4 in. tarpon weighing 125 lbs., taken fifteen miles south of St. Augustine, Fla., at the winter colony known as Summer Haven



Above: Cannon Ball Baker and E. E. Arbuckle, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13, with their prize moose taken this past season in northern Ontario, Canada

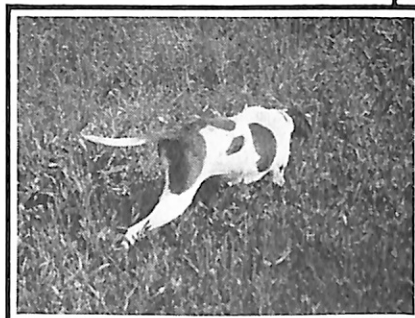
Right: A. A. Anderson, Mayor of Longview, Wash., with two Chinook salmon weighing 20 and 21 lbs. These salmon were taken on light tackle. They were caught at the mouth of the Cowlitz River



Right: F. N. Stall and C. D. Boynton, of San Diego, Calif., after a half day's fishing trip in Rogue River, Oregon. The fish are salmon trout ranging all the way from 16 to 42 lbs.



Below: "Girlie," a prize-winning pointer standing a pheasant. The dog is owned by E. L. Fairchild, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge No. 346. "Girlie" also shows ability on woodcock



Above: L. G. Hart, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., Lodge No. 1326, snapped with his English setter "Mark" well poised and pointing partridge



Below: "Bog's Spectre Lad," winner of second place in the American Field Futurity, pointing quail. "Bog's Spectre Lad" is owned by J. F. Olive, of Olean, N. Y., Lodge No. 491



Right: Rosedale Vagabond, owned by A. Paul Haczela, of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535, winner of the Derby stake at the Manitoba trials at Pierson, Mich.

Below: A. Schneider, of Benedict, Neb., with his shooting partner on their return from their 28th straight trip in as many years to the fine grouse lands of western Nebraska



A. B. Knight, of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge No. 294, with his Thanksgiving dinner and some squirrels and rabbits for trimmings. The game was taken at the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club



M. K. Raidy, of Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge No. 57, with a bag of pheasant. His grandson, Paul Andro, states with pride, "I got a duck, too"



Below: P. Watson Webb and Vernon S. Bradley, of Cambridge, Md., Lodge No. 1272, with their bag limits of canvasbacks, shot at Mr. Bradley's private place in Dorchester County, Maryland



C. D. Duncan, E. R. McGaffey, Jack Kreps and S. A. Brown, of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge No. 80, with a day's bag of pheasant. Since being introduced in Nebraska, pheasant have increased steadily. As is always the case, they afford fine shooting

Fly Fish!

—on Stream or Lake—
—and if you don't know how

FORGET your doubts. You **learn quickly FREE** CAN learn this sportiest method, ready for practical fishing, in a single short session! It is easy. No long practice; mastery is far simpler, quicker, than short-rod casting. Your nearest lakes and streams will amaze you with "action" even if supposed to be "fished out!" Quick-learning made possible by

Weber "Moviegram Method"
of Self-Teaching **FREE** —but only with this Fishing Book and Color Catalog of Fly Tackle

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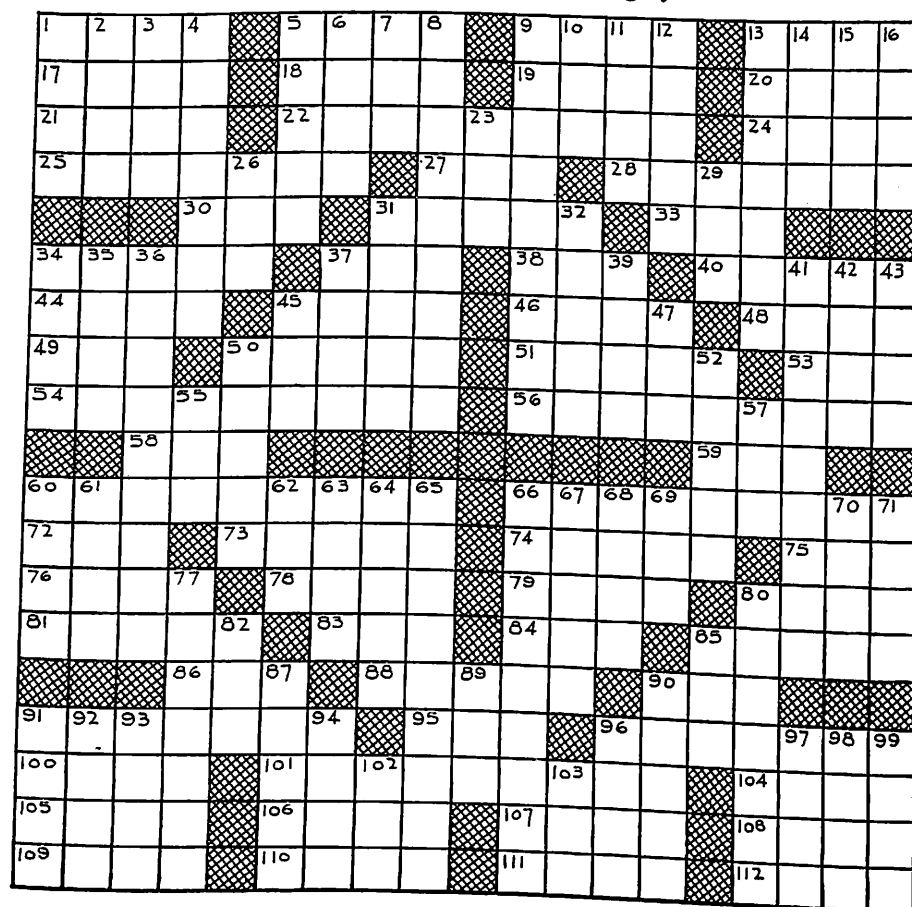
Dealer's Name

Signed

Address

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Goad
5—Store
9—Saucy
13—Silly
17—Piece of window glass
18—Rend
19—Debauchec
20—A Great Lake
21—The rainbow
22—Amuses
24—An ancestor
25—Peoples
27—It is
28—Long steps
30—Excavated
31—Ancient Aryan race
33—Title of respect
34—Essay
37—Gain
38—Free
40—Edible nut
44—Frostings
45—Rod
46—Calf flesh
48—Structure for storing grain
49—Sin
50—Compel
51—A plumed bird
53—Wand
54—Abolished
56—Condemns
58—A dessert
59—Nothing
60—Old maids
66—Beautifiers
72—Equality
73—Fashion
74—Choir of eight voices
75—Born
76—Eras
78—A star phenomenon
79—Clean
80—To eye
81—Touchy
83—Beak
84—Reckoning
85—Corrodes
86—The thing (Latin)
88—Ascended
90—A kitchen utensil
91—Capital of Georgia
95—The linden
96—A bishop or abbot
100—Blessing
101—A mixture
104—Ireland
105—Esplanade
106—To tear up
107—Seventh letter of Greek alphabet (Plural)
108—To watch over
109—Units of work
110—Discover
111—Chiefs of the janizaries
112—Droops

Down

- 1—Twirl
2—A kind of rubber
3—One
4—Lives
5—Spur
6—Female fowl (Plural)
7—A cereal grass
8—Assumed
9—Keeps
10—Greek Goddess of Dawn
11—Grooves
12—Examines
13—Appetites
14—Dry
15—Illuminate
16—Golf mounds
23—Clear
26—Belonging to us
29—Tear
31—Lessen
32—To besiege
34—Variously mottled
35—A land measure
36—Sweats
37—Vigilant
39—Mend
41—Revolving around
42—A medicinal plant
43—Bows
45—Court
47—Permit
50—New
52—Principle
55—Stannum
57—Insect egg
60—A young oyster
61—One side of a leaf
62—A color
63—Very black
64—Stream
65—Steadiness
66—Satisfied
67—A body of water
68—Pierce
69—United
70—A prehistoric weapon
71—Observes
77—Drifts ashore
80—Egresses
82—A Japanese coin
85—A small deer
87—Look
89—A cardinal number
90—Jam
91—An abbot
92—Travel
93—Not short
94—Bustle (Plural)
96—Beg
97—Surface
98—Sound of a bell
99—Concludes
102—Swab
103—A Shoshonean Indian

Stars and Tripes

(Continued from page 7)

Turgid, he explained to all and sundry that the dance which was popularly known as the rumba was not the rumba at all, but either the son or the danzon . . . and he showed how these dances should be done; slowly, earnestly, and—frankly—not without symptoms of mutual affection. The rumba, he explained, was merely an exhibition dance, not a ballroom exercise.

Miss Madrilene Blutt was Ramon's most incessant and earnest pupil. Naturally an excellent dancer, she proved an apt student of Cuban terpsichorean art. Turgid Watts—wholly enamored of Miss Blutt—was delighted at this turn of events inasmuch as Madrilene's social status (and consequently his own) was thus made more secure. And besides, Mr. Watts was continuing to think thoughts. Almost constantly . . . when he wasn't munching succulent sandwiches at Bud Peagler's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor.

Mr. Slappey was not, however, quite so contented. At first Ramon trained with a moderate degree of enthusiasm. Florian booked him for a preliminary at the Thursday night fight show of the Birmingham Athletic Club. The section reserved for colored patrons was filled to overflowing, and Ramon's dusky society friends were overjoyed to see Señor Zorilla's astonished opponent almost annihilated within a single round.

Within the week Florian booked his protege for a special six-round prelim at an Atlanta club. The fans there enthused over Ramon's devastating performance. He looked, they claimed, like another Tiger Flowers, and the Tiger was remembered as a grand colored lad who had risen from the preliminary ranks to the middleweight championship of the world.

Thereupon Mr. Slappey withdrew Ramon from circulation. Having regarded his importation merely as an excellent meal ticket, Florian was now shrewd enough to see that the man might be truly great. Obviously he was a fighter of more than ordinary ability. Therefore, he should be brought along slowly and trained with meticulous care. Offers of preliminary bouts were refused, and Mr. Slappey cast covetous eyes upon the prize rings of the North . . . meanwhile mapping out a vigorous program for his charge.

Unfortunately, Señor Zorilla's social prestige had now reached a point where the gent from Jesus del Monte had small liking for roadwork and boxing. He put on that additional five pounds of weight which raised him above the middleweight class. He smiled away Florian's exhortations and, in brief, gave Mr. Slappey a considerable headache.

THEN, for three successive days, Ramon failed to appear for training sessions. Mr. Slappey sought him frantically and found him only at social gatherings. Through Turgid Watts, he requested an explanation, and the explanation he received was definitely unsatisfactory.

"He says," announced Turgid, "that he's gwine start trainin' manana."

"What you mean: Manana?"

"That means tomorrow."

"Thursday?"

"Na-a, Florian—nothin' like that. When a Cuban says manana, he means some day, maybe, p'raps."

Florian frowned. "This whole thing looks peculiar to me, Turgid—awful peculiar."

Turgid shrugged. "Reckon you'll find out about it pretty soon, Brother Slappey. You just wait."

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 39.

V

AND then—less than a week later—an avalanche of woe descended upon Florian Slappey. He first saw the gaudy sign affixed to a fence on Avenue B:

HOT CHA NIGHT CLUB

Featuring

That Great Cuban Sensation

RAMON ZORILLA

Hissell in Person

He Will Host and Give Exhibition Dances with

MISS MADRILENE BLUTT

Also Ginuwine Cuban Dancing Lessons

Music by

THE HAVANA HOT LIPS

Personally Trained by Señor Zorilla

—ADMISSION—

Gents: 50 cents. LADIES: Two Bits

HOT CHA NIGHT CLUB

TURGID WATTS, Prop. & Owner.

En route to the home of Mr. Watts, Florian's eye encountered many similar placards. His swiftly moving feet kicked a dozen throwaways of the same sort into the gutter.

Mr. Slappey was consumed with a great and righteous wrath. He knew that a terrible thing was occurring to him: That Messrs. Zorilla and Watts had conspired to do him wrong—and Mr. Slappey was no person to be done wrong with impunity.

He entered Turgid's room unannounced. His slight, slender figure was quivering with indignation and his eyes were blazing. Mr. Watts, sensing immediate hostilities, hoisted his muscular frame from the bed and assumed a defensive pose. He was faintly contemptuous of Mr. Slappey—from a physical standpoint—and openly derided the fury of his visitor.

"Hot Cha!" spluttered Florian. "You an' yo' dawg-gone Hot Cha!"

Mr. Watts grinned superciliously. "Ain't sore, is you, Brother Slappey?"

"Sore!" shrieked Florian. "Sore? Feller, Ise so sore that was I covered all over with ointment, I'd still ache." He inserted a cigarette into his face. "What you tryin' to do, Turgid—double-cross me?"

"No-o. I ain't tryin', Florian. I has a'ready done it."

Florian spluttered and sank helplessly into a chair.

"Wh-where do I come in on this heah Hot Cha Club?"

"Front door . . . fo' fifty cents."

"You mean I ain't even a partner?"

"You ain't nothin', Brother Slappey. You just don't figger in my computations an' commutations."

"Why, you low-down, ornery, slab-sided . . ."

"Hush fum sayin' foolish words" warned Turgid. "Else you is libel to find yo'se'f lyin' on yo' back countin' daisy roots."

"But Turgid. . . Didn't I bring Ramon all the way fum Cuba? Ain't I been payin' all his expenses? Ain't I got a writin' with him that says I git half of whichever he earns?"

"Half of what he earns fightin'. An' tha's all, Brother Slappey. Does he git him a job hostin' a night club, you ain't got nothin' to do with him."

"But I has a'ready spent th'ee hund'ed dollars on him," wailed Florian, "an'

does he start workin' at that club, he's gwine git wuss out of trainin', an' then he won't never fight nobody. What you think of that?"

"I think it's swell," stated Mr. Watts cheerfully. "I ain't cravin' to have my star gittin' all chewed up by no boxin' gloves."

Florian struck an attitude. "A'right," he said venomously. "I'll fix you—bofe of you."

"How?"

"I got a contrack with Ramon. He was only let into the country on account I got that contrack . . . so I'll cancel it, an' have him deported."

"Oh yeah?" Mr. Watts' lips expanded into an evil smile. "Me an' Ramon, we talked about that, an' he says to tell you that if you do such he'll bury you so deep it'll have to rain fo' six weeks befo' you'll get wet."

Mr. Slappey was whipped and knew it. But he glared belligerently at his bete noir. "A'right fo' you, Turgid—a'right fo' you an' Ramon bofe. But Ise tellin' you now . . . an' tellin' you positive . . . I ain't licked yet."

Turgid smiled sweetly. "Maybe not, Brother Slappey. Maybe you ain't. But you is might' nigh to bein'."

VI

FROM the night of its gala opening, the Hot Cha Night Club was an astonishing success.

The place—located just beyond the city limits—was lavishly furnished. Mr. Watts had borrowed the money for his venture from Semore Mashby, the attenuated money lender who was feared and despised by all his colored brethren . . . and the thousand dollars so raised had been expended cleverly.

The decorations were attractive, the new dance floor excellent, and the small kitchen nicely equipped. Turgid had conscripted several members of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra, and these had been trained personally by Ramon in the intricacies of Cuban musical tempo.

The floor show—itsself a novelty—was given by Señor Ramon Zorilla and Miss Madrilene Blutt. Their repertoire included the son, the danzon, the rumba, and a most bewitching Spanish tango. For weeks Miss Blutt had labored to learn these dances, and her skill delighted Turgid Watts until

that gentleman became aware of a most alarming situation.

Frankly, freely and fondly—Madrilene fell for her dancing partner. She fell like the proverbial ton of bricks, and no one—seeing them together—could doubt that her affection was returned twofold. Birmingham discussed the affair as an accepted fact, and while Ramon's capitulation caused grief to many feminine hearts, there was—in place of hope—a certain delight in watching the ardent dancing of a couple so obviously in love.

Turgid Watts found himself wallowing in the nethermost depths of despair. Hoist by the petard of his own unscrupulousness, he was experiencing a personal misery which he had not believed possible. The promise of financial success became distasteful to him, for it meant a further cementing of the bond between his girl and the attractive gentleman from Cuba. It meant that he was sacrificing Madrilene for money. It meant that life was empty and without hope. It meant that Mr. Watts was dawg-gone good an' well determined to rid himself of Ramon Zorilla even at the risk of bankruptcy.

Turgid was a powerful man, but no match physically for Señor Zorilla. On the other hand, Mr. Watts was not a swift thinker . . . and so in this dilemma he turned to his erstwhile friend, Florian Slappey.

Recently, Mr. Slappey had exhibited a marked degree of friendliness. He had visited the Hot Cha Club several times and had congratulated Turgid on his business acumen. And so, tonight, when Mr. Slappey entered and seated himself at a table alone, Turgid joined him. He ordered sandwiches and soft drinks and asked a question:

"Is you still mad at me, Brother Slappey?"

Florian smiled broadly. "Co'se I ain't, Turgid. How come I should be?"

"We-e-ell . . ." Mr. Watts was slightly embarrassed, "I sort of done you dirt . . ."

"Naaaaaa! You was just slick, tha's all, an' Ise good enough sport to like slickety fellers even when Ise the goat."

Mr. Watts almost wept with gratitude. Protesting a new and undying friendship, he solicited Florian's help. He told the story of his agony.

"I gotta git rid of that feller Ramon," he pleaded, "an' I ain't got brains enough to think how."

"Have him deported," suggested Florian.

"You know I can't do that. He'd smack me down befo' he lef'."

"Tha' right. An' you'd keep on lyin' right where he smacked you, too." Mr. Slappey was thoughtful. "Ise glad to he'p you out in this, Brother Watts. What I also ain't got fo' Ramon Zorilla is no use. He done me dirtier than you did—an' he was gittin' espense money. Now you go on off an' leave me think."

Mr. Watts did as bidden. He stood in the corner and alternately viewed Mr. Slappey in the process of having ideas—and Ramon and Madrilene doing the same thing.

"Oh! whoa is me!" groaned Turgid. "Misery is my middle name, an' I was born twins."

At midnight Mr. Slappey signalled wildly, and Turgid hopped across the room. The Slappeyan countenance was beaming. "I got it!" he exulted.

"You got which?"

"An idea how I an' you can git rid of Mistuh Zorilla." Florian leaned across the table. "But befo' us does it, Turgid—you got to realize that yo' Night Club is gwine suffer."

"Fumadiddles! 'Longside of gittin' rid of Ramon, this heah Hot Cha don't count.

(Continued on page 34)



"Come on, let's climb a tree"

(Continued from page 33)

Besides—I a'ready made arrangements fo' a new ack to take Ramon's place."

"What kind of a new act?"

"Adagio team."

"Huh? What you mean: Adagio?"

"Tha's the sort of dancin' where two fellers play baseball with a gal—flingin' her around. I can git a cullud ack cheap, an' the Bumminham folks will love it. Also, after Madrilene gits over bein' heartbroke, she can git herse'f a new dancin' partner . . . an ugly one . . . an' work heah again."

Florian nodded. "You sho' think of ev'ythin', Turgid. Now lemme see . . ."

"You leave me see." Mr. Watts' ebony countenance was thrust in Florian's direction. "What's yo' idea, Brother Slappey?"

"This," Florian spoke softly. "Me, nor neither you, cain't run Ramon out of town without we git manslaughtered by him. But somebody else can."

"Who else?"

"A secret sassiety."

Turgid shook his head. "You say words, Florian—but they don't convey no inflammation. Splain yo'se'f."

"A'right. Now look: S'posin' all of a sudden Ramon started gittin' letters—"

"He cain't read no English letters."

"You can read 'em to him—with gestures. S'posin' he gits a whole slew of letters fum The Flamin' Wings of Darkness sayin' they don't like no Cuban feller co'tin' a Bumminham gal an' takin' jobs fum Bumminham cullud fellers, an' s'pose them letters tell him if he don't git back to Cuba in a hurry they is gwine skin him an' make a rug outen his hide? I'se askin' you—would he, bein' in a strange country—would he exodust, or woul'n't he?"

"He would!" agreed Turgid with enormous enthusiasm. "But, Florian—how you know these heah Flamin' Wings of Darknnessers would write them letters?"

Mr. Slappey spoke sneeringly. "I know it, Foolish Face—'cause there ain't no Flamin' Wings of Darkness."

"Then how can they . . ."

"It's me, Turgid! Me! I made that name up an' I'se gwine write them letters myse'f."

Mr. Watts' eyes opened wide. "Well, I'll be fried fo' a catfish! Florian Slappey, you is the thinkin'est man!"

"Is my scheme good, or ain't it?"

"It's swellegant."

"An' we does it?"

"Eemeedjitly!" enthused Turgid. "It ain't gwine take long to scare ol' Mistuh Zorilla out of town. An' then—hot diggity dam!"

VII

Florian Slappey excelled himself as a writer of threatening letters. His missives, signed "The Flaming Wings of Darkness" and bearing certain mysterious emblems not calculated to bolster the recipient's morale—were brought to Turgid by the harassed Mr. Zorilla.

Turgid did a noble job of translating. He read them with graphic gusto—so that before he completed the second, Ramon was trembling violently.

But Ramon was not entirely gullible. Suspecting that Turgid might be biased, Mr.

Zorilla discovered a white gentleman who knew a bit of Spanish and requested a further translation. The fact that this second translation was the same as Turgid's did nothing to make Ramon feel satisfied with life in the United States.

The third letter reduced him to abject misery. The fourth letter terrified him and the twenty-four-hour deadline mentioned in the fifth letter was precisely twenty hours more than necessary.

Using Turgid as interpreter, Ramon bought a through ticket to Havana and de-



" . . . And now from the sunkissed prairie comes the tall Texan!"

parted apprehensively, not at all certain that this terrible organization which threatened mayhem might not trail him all the way to Key West. He left a brief note for Madrilene, which Turgid promptly destroyed—and vanished from the State of Alabama. Turgid enthusiastically described the departure when Florian called at his room that night.

"This heah Ramon is the gonest man fum Bumminham!" he announced. "I never seen nobody depart so complete."

"Was he scared?"

"Scared? Florian, he was plumb ossified!"

Mr. Slappey beamed. "Well," said he, "us has done our job, Turgid. I gotten rid of Ramon fo' you. . . ."

"You sho' did. Never was a friend in need. Ramon is gone, I got Madrilene an' my night club—an' there ain't nothin' in the world to worry about."

But Mr. Watts was speaking a trifle previously. Just a split-second previously, in fact.

At that instant there came a portentous knock on the door of Turgid's room. Mr. Watts looked at Mr. Slappey and Mr. Slappey looked at Mr. Watts. Each was gripped with a premonition of immediately impending disaster.

"Wh-who—who—that?" inquired Turgid.

A heavy voice came through the door, freighted with menace. It said, "We is heah!"

"Y-y-y-yeh, I know you is. But who is you?"

"You is gwine find that out. Open!"

Mr. Watts opened, and into the room filed three robed and hooded gentlemen; three monstrous figures on whose black gowns were silver wings. They lined against the wall and glared at the cowering Mr. Watts.

To say that Turgid was terrified is expressing it mildly. Perspiration dripped from his forehead and his spinal column turned to jelly. The longer he gazed upon his visitors the larger and more sinister they became.

"Wh-who you is?" he quavered.

"Us," announced the spokesman in a sepulchral voice, "us is the execution committee fum The Flamin' Wings of Darkness!"

There was an audible silence, broken at length by a distressful gasp from Mr. Slappey.

"Oh! My gosh!" moaned Florian. "I might of knowed I heard that name somewhere. I sho' coul'n't of made it up out of my own head!"

"You—you mean," inquired the terrified Mr. Watts, "that Flamin' Wings of Darkness was a real sassiety?"

"Uh-huh! I s'pose I heard the name an' then thought I made it up. Turgid—I'se scared!"

"Scared! What you think I is, Florian? What you think—"

"Silence!" The Flamingest Wing was speaking: "Which one of you is Turgid Watts?"

"I'se him!"

"Does you own the Hot Cha Night Club?"

"Y-y-y-yassuh!"

"An' has you been takin' our name in vain? Has you been writin'—or causin' to be wrote—letters to Ramon Zorilla, signed with that name?"

"I—I didn't write them. . . ."

"But you knowed about them, didn't you?"

"Y-y-y-yassuh. . . ."

"Very well. Us has met in solemn concave, an' the judgment of The Flamin' Wings of Darknes is this: First, you is guilty of usin' our name without no right nor neither license. Second, you is guilty of runnin' a night club right near this fair city of Bumminham—which same us objects to most violent. In punishment therefo', you is ordered fo'thwith to close up this night club eemeedjitly—an' to fo'ever hol' yo' peace." The spokesman faced his associates.

"Has I spoke truth, gemmun?"

The other two bowed and intoned terribly: "You has spoke truth, O Magnificent Flamin' Wing of Darkness."

Turgid was desperate. "But, Mistuh—listen: Does I close up my night club right away like I'se gwine be ruint?"

The biggest Flaming Wing stepped forward and imprisoned Turgid's arm:

"Turgid Watts," said he, "you undoubtlessly speaks truth. But heah me now! Heah me! Does you ever open the Hot Cha Night Club again you is gwine be twice as ruint!"

The door closed behind them. Turgid crumpled on the bed and Florian bent over him sympathetically.

"Brother Watts," he murmured, "I got a new idea."

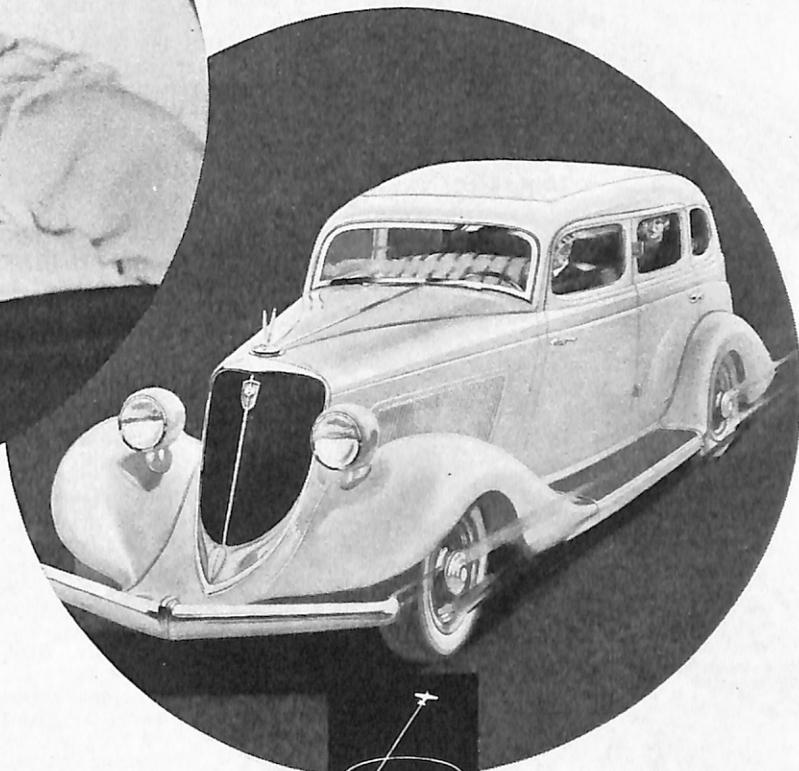
Turgid leaped to his feet, eyes wide and staring.

"Idea! You an' yo' ideas! If you ever git another idea aroun' me, Florian Slappey

(Continued on page 36)

Sleep baby sleep...

NEITHER SPEED NOR ROADS
AFFECT THE AMAZING COMFORT
OF STUDEBAKER REAR SEATS!



IN these startling new automobiles Studebaker has given the motoring public a double thrill! The world's first standard production cars of genuine skyway style! Comfort beyond anything in previous experience!

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COMES THEIR STAMINA



FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE



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At \$4 the Mallory "Nokabout"—pleasingly soft and very light—for sport, travel, knockabout and business—all colors—ask your dealer.



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At \$5 the Mallory "Streamline" Snap—the commanding style for Spring—snaps instantly—graceful roll off—all colors—ask your dealer.

What is

MALLORY "CRAVENETTE"?

This exclusive patented process makes both body and band of Mallory Hats proof against moisture and perspiration. "Cravenette" is invisible. It does not affect the color, the texture or the weight.

MALLORY HAT CO., 392 Fifth Ave., New York

(Continued from page 34)

—I'se gine hit you so hard it's gwine give yo' grammaw the toothache! Now git out!"

VIII

THE night was long and lonely. Mr. Turgid Watts wooed slumber—but without success. He tossed on his bed, staring into darkness and contemplating the disaster which had come upon him.

The prospect was not alluring. Snatched from the zenith of beatitude, Mr. Watts was now prospecting the nadir of despair . . . and he bethought himself of ways and means to save something from the wreckage.

All night he thought, and far into the morning. Shortly before noon, after three cups of steaming coffee, the faint glimmering of an idea struck him and he visited a painter who produced a sign which said "Temporary Closed for Repairs." This sign was placed across the doorway of the Hot Cha Night Club, and Mr. Watts circulated busily through Darktown, spreading the information that the closing of his club was only for a few days. He smiled happily upon every person he met, as though to convince them that he was riding the crest of a prosperity wave.

And then Turgid sought Florian Slappey. He had been doing a considerable amount of thinking about Florian, and was ready to forgive—inasmuch as he again needed the assistance of the Darktown beau brummel. After all, reflected Mr. Watts, Florian's use of the name of an actual secret society had been inadvertent. He had heard the name somewhere—forgotten it—and then thought he had made it up.

"You got me into this heah mess, Florian—an' now you got to he'p me out."

"Okey-doke," smiled Mr. Slappey. "I ain't got no hard feelings fo' all them mean things you said last night."

"Heah's my scheme. Ain't nobody but I an' you knows The Flamin' Wings of Darkness ain't gwine let that club run again. All anybody knows is that I was makin' money, an' that I got my adagio team a'ready comin' down fum New York. So what's to prevent us fum sellin' the Hot Cha to some sucker?"

"Who?" inquired Mr. Slappey. "An' where do I come in?"

"You come in fo' a commission," breathed Turgid. "An' who we is gwine to sell it to is Jasper De Void."

"Hmmm! How come you puck on him?" "Cause he's got plenty money, an' also he ain't real bright. Besides, he's a friend of yours, an' you can talk him into it."

Mr. Slappey appeared to be doubtful. "Jasper ain't as dumb as folks think, Turgid. He's gwine suspek somethin' is wrong when I offer it to him. Now what I craves to know is this: How much is the leaseest you is willin' to assept—an' also what about the money you owes Semore Mashby?"

"What I owes Semore ain't got nothin' to do with the Hot Cha. He woul'n't take that as s'curity an' so I put up some joolry I owned. So who buys the club gits a clear title, except"—and Turgid's grin was unholy—"except that The Flamin' Wings of Darkness ain't gwine leave him operate."

"How much cash will you take?"

"I'se askin' a thousan', Brother Slappey—but if it's cash money an' I cain't git no mo', I'll assept two hund'ed."

Mr. Slappey promised to see what he could do. He went straight to the headquarters of the De Void Taxi Company and plunged into executive session with the gangling individual who was president and sole owner thereof. That evening he reported progress to Mr. Watts, but made it clear that if Jasper decided to go into the night club business at all, he would do so only on a modest scale. "Two hund'ed is his

limit," explained Florian. "An' how I know is 'cause he tol' me so."

Mr. Watts was bitterly disappointed, but instructed Florian to proceed. One crumb, figured Mr. Watts, was better than no bread at all . . . and besides, he was consoling himself with the thought that even though his venture was proving financially terrible, he once more had a clear road to the affections of Miss Madrilene Blutt.

Florian sallied forth once more to seek Jasper De Void, and Turgid Watts considered his future courtship.

At the moment, he wasn't making very great progress with Miss Blutt. That comely damsel appeared to miss Ramon Zorilla most acutely and was not entirely unsuspicious of the part Turgid had played in the sudden departure.

But Turgid was an optimist, and he believed that Ramon's continued absence would make Madrilene's heart grow fonder—for himself. She had been granting him a certain small portion of her spare time, and he was playing the rôle of humble and devoted slave. Also, he knew she was not unaware of the fact that he owned the Hot Cha.

The next morning Florian descended upon Mr. Watts waving a roll of bills.

"Jasper accepted that deed you signed, Turgid—an' now he owns the Hot Cha."

"How much did he pay?"

"Two hund'ed dollars. Heah's a hund'ed an' fifty fo' you. This fifty is my commission."

Turgid demurred, but was overruled. "You ain't got no right kickin'," argued Florian. "Few minutes ago you didn't have nothin', an' now you got a hund'ed an' fifty dollars mo' than that."

"An' I got Madrilene. At least I'se gittin' her." He thought for a moment. "Did Jasper mention what he was plannin'?"

"That's the most thing he did. The new adagio team gits in tomorrow mawnin'. He's gwine hire Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra—without no Cuban trimmin's—an' open the club Saddy night."

Turgid chuckled. "An' what a s'prise he's gwine git! Wait 'til them Flamin' Wings of Darkness commence to work on him."

"It is gwine be funny."

"Ain't you tootin'? Saddy night, eh—an' Jasper don't know nothin' 'bout that Flamin' Wings business! Feller, I'se gwine be there with bells on."

"Better make it a Tux, Turgid. Folks is gwine be there in plenty. Shall I notifiy Jasper to reserve you a table?"

"You better had, Florian. I woul'n't miss it fo' nothin'."

"Me either," grinned Mr. Slappey. "I'se gwine be there fum the beginnin'."

IX

DARKTOWN, grievously perturbed by the sudden closing of the Hot Cha Night Club, was startled into fresh enthusiasm by the announcement of its reopening. The brief interlude had merely whetted the appetites of the socially elect, and Mr. Watts laughed to himself at the misery which would inevitably follow the present elation of the club's new owner.

He himself was planning great things! He intended to be present at the opening, and—after The Flaming Wings of Darkness had closed—and probably demolished the place, it was his plan to let his dusky brethren know just how smart he had been in collecting two hundred dollars from the supposedly canny Jasper De Void.

All Saturday morning Mr. Watts exulted inwardly. He had forgotten the financial shellacking he had taken, and was looking forward with glee to the discomfiture which was to overtake Mr. De Void that very eve-

(Continued on page 38)



"CANADIAN CLUB"

"CANADIAN CLUB," happily, is one of those few products known the world over for consistent, unvarying excellence. When Hiram Walker, in 1858, founded this now vast business, he laid down hard-and-fast principles of quality and purity. Those principles have not been changed in 75 years. They

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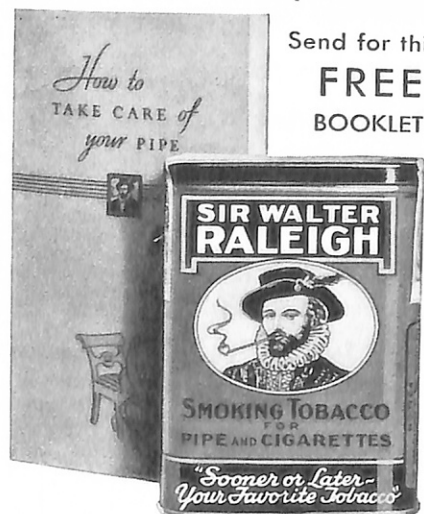


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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. E-43.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(Continued from page 36)

ning—when the festivities were at their height. There was more than a little solace in the knowledge that things were not so bad—by one hundred and fifty dollars—as they might have been.

WHEN Mr. Watts reached the club at eleven that night, the parking space was jammed with cars. Torrid music spurted through the windows, and Turgid glimpsed brilliant evening gowns and the formal black-and-white attire of colored gentlemen as they glided about the polished floor.

Mr. Slappey was at the door, resplendent in full evening dress. Across the snowy bosom of his pleated shirt was a scarlet ribbon upon which hung a life-saving medal. He greeted Mr. Watts effusively and conducted him to a table on the floor.

"Golla!" commented Mr. Watts. "What a crowd!"

"You said somethin' that time, Turgid."

"I bet Jasper De Void thinks he's gwine make a heap o' money."

Florian shook his head. "No-o . . . I don't think he does."

"How come not?"

"Oh! They's reasons." Mr. Slappey produced a card and shoved it in Turgid's direction. "Cast yo' opticals on that, Mistuh Watts."

The card was simple but impressive. It said:

Warm Music, Cold Drinks & Good Eats at
THE HOT CHA NIGHT CLUB
FLORIAN SLAPPEY, Prop.

Mr. Watts frowned. "What's all this heah foolishness: Florian Slappey, Prop.?"

"That's me!" grinned Florian.

Turgid closed his eyes briefly. He had a hunch that he was about to receive evil tidings.

"Y-y-you mean you boughten this night club off Jasper De Void?"

"No-o . . . not ezactly. But I give Jasper the money to buy it fo' me, an' soon as he got it, he deeded it to myse'f."

"So it's yourn?"

"Yassuh! It's mine in free simple." Suddenly Mr. Slappey's expression became less friendly. His slender body tensed and he leaned across the table.

"Now git this, Turgid Watts—an' absorb it careful. Fust off I craves to say that any man who thinks he can double-cross Florian Slappey an' git away with it ain't nothin' but a bug-eyed fool . . . an' you better had unclench that fist, 'cause my biggest waiter is standin' right behime you ready to exterminate you does you git rough."

"Second—you thought I was licked. You thought I had forgot. But a Slappey never forgets—specially one named Florian. I was watchin' an' waitin' an' plannin'. I gotten Jasper De Void to he'p me out on this, an' he was glad as me to put somethin' over on you."

Florian produced pencil and paper. "Le's figger how you come out on this deal, Brother Watts. Fust of all, this club cost you about a thousan' dollars net, an' you sol' it fo' two hund'ed . . . which means eight hund'ed dollars loss fo' you an' the same amount of profit fo' yo' good friend, Mistuh Slappey. Second, you paid me fifty

dollars commission fo' handlin' the deal . . . so you is out eight hund'ed an' fifty dollars, an' besides, you ain't even got no night club to make it back with. An' the best attraction you had—meanin' Brother Ramon Zorilla—is sittin' idle in Cuba an' won't never return to Bumminham."

"Now me, Brother Watts. Heah's how I come out. I'se got the club, which means a profit of eight hund'ed dollars plus how much money it's gwine make fun now on—which is numerous. Also I got the fifty dollars commission. Out of that I invested about three hund'ed dollars in Ramon Zorilla . . . so that leaves me with a profit of five hund'ed an' fifty dollars, an' also this club. Besides which, Brother Watts, I has got the excruciatin' delight of knowin' that I has made you ridiculous on account you tried to do me wrong."

Turgid was not precisely happy. But one pleasant thought occurred to him, and his lips curled into a sneer.

"I reckon you think you is smart, don't you, Florian?"

"Uh-huh! I s'pose I better admit that I do."

"Well, you ain't! You is dumb."

"Who says so?"

"I do." Turgid's dark countenance was distorted. "Is you silly enough to think you can git away with this? Don't you know The Flamin' Wings of Darkness is gwine close you up right away?"

Mr. Slappey shook his head slowly. "No, they ain't, Turgid. Not them. An' heah's why." He shoved an impressive finger in Turgid's face. "Because there ain't no such of a sassiety as The Flamin' Wings of Darkness. That's where you was made the most fool of. I really did make up the name."

"But them fellers that come to my room. How about them?"

"Friends of mine," laughed Florian. "Just three ve'y good friends, who was glad to he'p me out. An' of co'se I had to preten' like I was scared. But you, Brother Watts—you wasn't pretendin'. You was paralyzed."

MR. WATTS drew a long, unhappy breath. He was completely crushed; unutterably miserable. His world was chaos . . . but in all his misery he found a single thought which was comforting.

Financial distress or no financial distress, ruination or no ruination, revenge or no revenge—Ramon Zorilla had gone, and Turgid still had his beloved Madrilene.

"Yassuh," he gloated, "I still got that gal, Florian . . . an' she's better'n any night club."

Mr. Slappey nodded amiably. "Madrilene Blutt is a grand gal, Turgid. I ain't disputin' that. I like her plenty. In fact, on'y this mawnin' I give her a present. It was a grand present, Turgid, an' already she is usin' it."

All unsuspecting, Mr. Watts asked a question.

"What did you give her, Florian? What kind of present did you give Madrilene?"

And then Florian Slappey experienced his moment of ultimate triumph.

"The present I give her, an' which she is usin' right this minute, Turgid"—and Mr. Slappey's eyes sparkled—"was a ticket to Cuba!"

COMING IN AN EARLY ISSUE

ANOTHER OF OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S BIRMINGHAM DARKTOWN STORIES WILL BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY. IT IS EVERY BIT AS COLORFUL AND AMUSING AS THE ONE ABOVE. WATCH, IN AN EARLY NUMBER, FOR "A FOOL AND HIS HONEY."

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 32)

S	P	U	R	S	H	O	P	P	E	R	T	D	A	F	T
P	A	N	E	T	E	A	R	R	O	U	E	E	R	I	E
I	R	I	S	I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T	S	S	I	R
N	A	T	I	O	N	S	T	I	S	S	T	R	I	D	E
D	U	G	M	E	D	E	S	S	I	R					
P	A	P	E	R	W	I	N	R	I	D	P	E	C	A	N
I	C	E	S	W	A	N	D	V	E	A	L	S	I	L	O
E	R	R	F	O	R	C	E	E	G	R	E	T	R	O	D
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P	A	R	H	A	B	I	T	O	C	T	E	T	N	E	E
A	G	E	S	N	O	V	A	N	E	A	T	O	G	L	E
T	E	S	T	Y	N	E	B	T	A	B	R	U	S	T	S
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A	T	L	A	N	T	A	L	I	N	P	R	E	L	A	T
B	O	O	N	A	D	M	I	X	T	U	R	E	E	R	I
B	U	N	D	R	O	O	T	E	T	A	S	T	E	N	D
E	R	G	S	E	S	P	Y	D	E	Y	S	S	A	G	S

Crow Bait

(Continued from page 16)

"And that ain't all."

It got to be a sort of ritual that always ended at that point, up in the air, after a fashion—"and that ain't all." Zeb never said what else. He didn't have to. Ed Mowbry knew his Blue Grass history.

That went on into April, and in April the Lexington meeting opened and the \$50,000 Epinard youngster raced and won for Jim Charlton. He was named Poinard, and aptly so, sharp and keen and hard as steel—and as swift as knife-play in the dark.

He raced and won, not once but twice, and the breeders' Futurity, the one race of all the historic Lexington programs which means most to men who rear thoroughbreds, seemed at his mercy.

Twice in three years the Charlton colors had sped away with that trophy. Now it seemed the big French bay would win again for Charlton House.

So Zebulon elected to pit Salvation against the invader, secure in his belief that the chestnut could stem the rising tide of Charlton fortune—and bring to the dynasty of the Butts, the trilogy—a horse, money—and "that ain't all," which meant revenge, of course.

But the fate that lurks in sun-baked tracks and tender, growing tissue intervened. Two days before Salvation was to have been vanned into the track to face the barrier—the morning of his final speed test—he floundered suddenly and the bright head bobbed with the pain that ran like a knife up the wrenched tendons along the cannon bone.

Ed Mowbry gasped and looked sidewise, as was his wont, to Zeb. But Zeb wasn't there. He'd seen it first—and now he was off the rail and running down the harrowed lane of topsoil as fast as sixty-year-old legs would carry him.

When Mowbry came up to them, the old man's arms were around the colt's neck and he was holding it close to him, sobbing into the red-gold mane.

The right foreleg seemed to throb and quiver with the pain and the little steel racing plate touched the earth tentatively, a-tiptoe, as though every touch was agony. Above the pastern a slow swelling was growing as the leg filled.

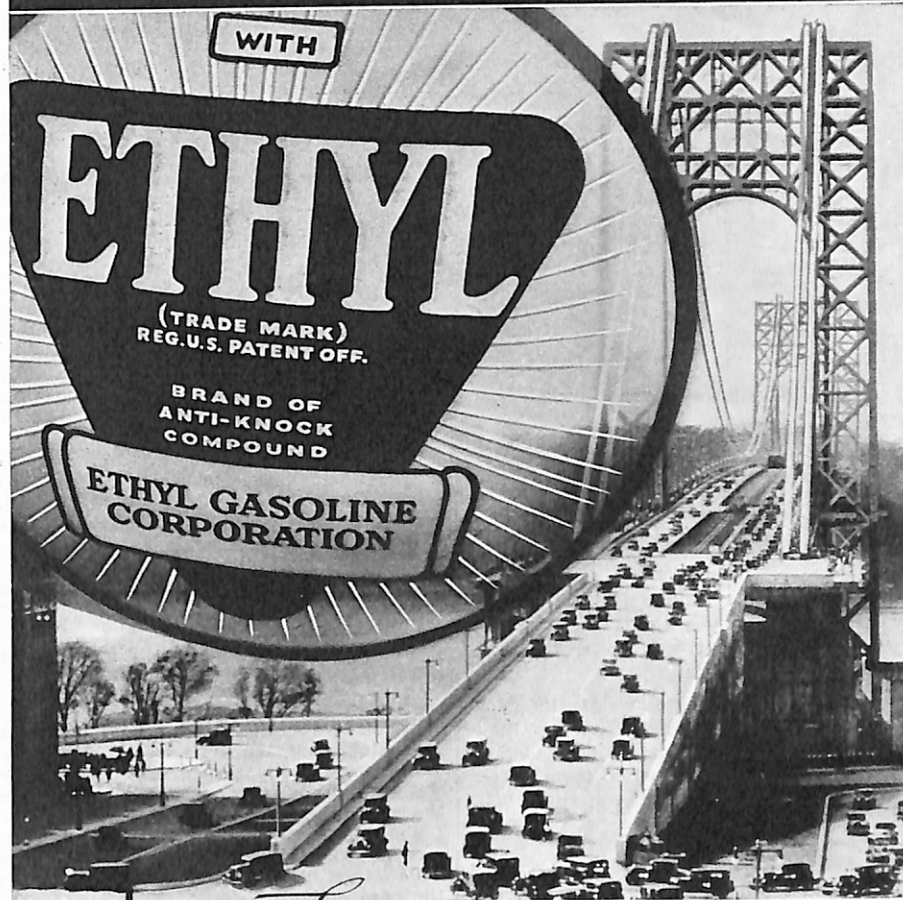
To Mowbry's practiced eye it meant but one thing.

He dropped one of those small, capable hands on Zeb's shoulder.

"We'll have to put the firing irons to him, Pardner, and turn him out," he said

(Continued on page 40)

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Strangely, it was he, in the flush of manhood, who went Home first. Now, as they bravely carry on, many comforting thoughts are theirs. And not the least of them is the knowledge that a Clark Vault was suggested. Their faith in its immaculate protection is always a precious consolation.

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FREE Booklet—"My Duty"—tells exactly what to do when you are called upon to take charge. Every adult should have a copy. Write. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Columbus, Ohio. Branch Offices and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



(Continued from page 39)

slowly, "and maybe he'll be right by fall—and maybe not."

Under his hand he could feel Zeb stiffen. The head came up abruptly and the Butts' baritone snapped with the spark that had come down through hemp field war and weal and woe:

"He'll be right by fall," he said, "and he'll run—and win."

He stepped back and placed careful, tender fingers on the pain-wracked leg.

"Get me a drag," he commanded, "to take him in, and a barrel of black mud—and five dollars."

Poinard won the Breeders' cup but Zeb scarcely noticed when, or how or why. He had other things to do. All the day after Salvation bowed his tendon, Zeb ministered to him.

With the barrel of black mud he made a thick soft puddle in a dirt floored stall. With the five dollars he bought turpentine and oil of cloves and soothing unguents.

And from them he compounded a healing poultice, knee-deep about the chestnut leg. Patiently he rubbed the swelling, with caressing fingertips.

At dusk he was still there, on his knees in the mud when Mowbry forced him to bed. But Marshall came—and stayed, against the dawn when Zebulon would return to take up his watch and ward.

In August the colt came out on the training track and ran free and easy striding through the dusty loam. "It's a miracle," Ed Mowbry said.

"No," Zeb answered him, "it's class—and fate."

IT was September before the two colts were stabled at the same track—September at Belmont—with the great Futurity, the stake of stakes—well toward six figures to the winner—and fame.

The Belmont Park paddock is spacious, tree-shaded, deep in grass. A bit of the Blue Grass lifted and carried in toto to the edge of New York.

At Belmont Park the horses are saddled beneath the trees. There are stalls but few use them and the crowd hems thick about this favorite and that. Racing at Belmont is a sport—for sportsmen, and those who come, in the main, are those who love the thoroughbred for the fine thing he is.

So Zebulon found them and it. For he had come to Belmont. He and Cissie and Salvation borne on Ed Mowbry's charity, though that fine sportsman scoffed at the word.

And so Salvation found them and it—as he faced the paddock crowd for the Futurity—a crowd that looked at him and beyond—seeing only Poinard the favorite—and the boy in the blue of Charlton House who bestrode him at the call of "Boots and Saddles."

They took the track. Eleven by the count and every one a potential champion with nigh unto \$100,000 the prize. And fame. And more.

Poinard, the \$50,000 colt, his boy in blue and white, deep bay and not a bit of white to mar the rich mahogany of his coat; colts and fillies; bays, chestnuts, greys and blacks.

And where Poinard was first by virtue of the white 1 on his saddle cloth, Salvation was 11—chestnut, golden bronze, a shaft of light from the deepest sun—nor any white upon him either.

Up in the stand the crowd sighed and a slow ripple of cheering exhortation rose to greet the field. And in the row of white railed boxes fronting the Turf and Field Club Zebulon watched and prayed.

From his left, a box or two beyond, he could hear Jim Charlton's voice and from the corner of his eye he could see the man who had paid \$50,000 for Poinard—for a champion.

But not for long. The dancing, clean-legged, chestnut thing out on the track before him held all of his eyes, all of his thoughts, all of his hopes.

Very faintly, lest others hear and misunderstand his plea, he whispered:

"Come on Salvation."

But whisper though it was, Cissie heard and Ed Mowbry too, and they moved close beside him, shoulder to shoulder and their voices came in echoing answer.

"Salva-a-tion."

It was seven furlongs up that long straight-away of the Widener course before the start. Pin pricks of color even to young eyes, showed the wheeling, shifting field as they faced the barrier. But to Zeb there was a chestnut splash on the outside as clear as ever it had showed against the spring house willows.

And then a rushing sigh from massed thousands, a rising crescendo of sound from left and right and below:

"They're off!"

THE colored pin pricks moved and converged against the ochre of the track. The eleven that bore hopes, fears and ambitions on their sleek and straining backs seemed to pour out and form a funnel of movement.

And at one side of the apex of that charging, inverted V sped a mahogany bay, and on the other a chestnut colt.

Only once in that minute and 20 seconds of tremendous effort did Zebulon hear an alien sound beyond the shrill, clear pleading of his own voice.

That was when the brusque, sharp tones of Jim Charlton were borne to him on the wind:

"What's that damned thing hanging to my horse's tail?" it said.

And equally clear and sharp came back the voice of the Charlton trainer:

"It's Zeb Butts' chestnut."

He didn't hear Jim Charlton snort. He didn't hear Jim Charlton sneer as he observed that the chestnut colt was crow bait and would quit. It wouldn't have made any difference if he had. Zeb knew better.

THEY passed the judges' stand that way—eye to eye it seemed. But the three men hunched above the finish line saw first a chestnut nose with red-rimmed nostrils and a red-gold mane that streamed above a champion's eyes.

Salvation had won.

They bore Zeb between them—Cissie and Ed Mowbry, and led the way to the stewards where the cup would be given and the cheers well up.

But a stocky, thrusting figure was before them, words tumbling out above the purpling ire drawn jowls.

"He's a ringer," he said angrily to the shocked, tense group of stewards in the pilot-house stand. "He's a ringer and not the colt by my horse out of Zeb Butts' mare. I bred him and I know."

He had said that as they came up—Zeb and Cissie and Ed Mowbry. He saw them and turned, shaking a thick forefinger at his enemy of the line fence feuds.

"When that colt was foaled," he said flatly, "it had four white feet—and a spot on its nose."

He walked then, stiff-legged with anger to the glass windows looking out and down the track and pointed to the sweep of white limed circle where the winner stood, head up and forefeet drawn, facing the thunder of massed cheers.

"Look," he insisted, "this colt's pure chestnut, hair, hide and hoof. I want him thrown out, off the track. I want the purse!"

For a moment when he had finished there was a silence inside the stand so thick

it seemed almost to cut off the ebb and flow of shouting sound from without.

It broke abruptly. "Well?" A small man, small and gray as Ed Mowbry, turned to Zebulon.

Zeb faced them all smiling. It twisted a little, that smile and his lip curled ever so slightly when his gaze rested momentarily upon Jim Charlton.

"The colt's honest," he said softly. "He's as registered—chestnut, two years old, by Sandoval out of my mare Zudorah, she by Luke McLuke."

His smile went a trifle broader and showed his teeth clenched even and hard, as when one bites into a thing and holds on.

"He didn't have white feet and a white nose—when he was foaled," he said then quickly.

Jim Charlton half rose from his chair but Zeb's waving arm stopped him.

"He didn't have them then," the Butts baritone went on, "he got 'em just a little later—and then he lost 'em again."

The very small gray man intervened.

"How can a horse grow white legs and then lose them?"

Zebulon seemed almost to laugh before he answered but his eyes were hard as they picked out and held the gaze of Jim Charlton.

"GENTLEMEN," he said gravely, "I'm a mighty superstitious old man and down in bootland we have an old saying that goes: 'Four white feet and a spot on his nose, cut his throat and throw him to the crows.'"

"Well sir, just for fun I bleached out the hair on this little felleh's legs with peroxide and then I slicked 'em up with pipe clay."

He grinned at Charlton. "It looked right pretty but after a while I washed him up and let the new hair grow in— That's all except there ain't any rule in racing that says I can't paint my horse pink if I've a mind to, so long's he isn't training."

The very small gray man looked inquiringly at Ed Mowbry who nodded. Then the little man spoke again. "I guess that's all," he said and touched a buzzer.

Across the track a red board flashed into view below the placed numbers with 11 at the top. Salvation's victory was official—the stake was his.

Jim Charlton elbowed his way hastily toward the crowd, past Zebulon.

Only those two knew what Zeb meant when he whispered:

"How'd you like the way my boy, Marshall, sings?"

And only those two knew why Jim Charlton swore—and Zebulon laughed outright just when the little gray man was giving him the trophy that meant the winner's purse—and "that ain't all."

One Great Adventure

(Continued from page 18)

of his opponents took none of the cheer from his greenish-blue eyes or put any streak of gray in his red hair. Tomorrow was another day and November another election.

Failure, however, no matter how blithely accepted, does not make a man wealthy; and McDevitt, for all his buoyancy, must in time have realized the fact. He loved politics and, in one way or another, he managed to stay in it and make a living. But he came to perceive that his chances for deriving a fortune from that source were slender indeed. For one day he came into possession of \$2500 in a lump, and announced that he was going to spend it all on something he had wanted all his life to do. He

(Continued on page 42)



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(Continued from page 41)

was going to New York; and there, for as long a time as his money would hold out, he was going to live the life of a millionaire.

"It's like this," he said. "I've worked a long while. I've been poor. I've gone hungry and I've been out of work. Why, once I carried a double sign on Broadway. You know what they call those poor fellows—sandwich men. Well, I'm going to New York and get a great big sandwich and a square meal."

The account of how McDevitt got the money is that he had sold out to an opponent the Democratic nomination for County Treasurer, which had been tendered to him as a joke. Of the incident, he himself said: "There were eleven Irishmen on the ticket, so somebody came to me and gave me \$2500 to give the Germans a chance."

Whatever the origin of the funds, McDevitt had them; and he used them as he had said he would.

One bitterly cold day in January, 1912, he began his life of opulence. He breakfasted lavishly at the Hotel Redington and then, in a chartered touring car, he drove the one block to the station where were waiting for him an immense throng of townspeople and the special train he had engaged for the journey. Also there were the members of his retinue. There was Dr. E. A. Sweeney, a personal friend who had agreed to be his special physician on the trip. There was John Lenahan, clerk of the Redington, to serve as private secretary. There was Conductor John Sweeney, whom McDevitt had insisted command his train. And there was Smoke O'Loughlin, the colored valet. His employer spoke of him as an Irishman with a mahogany finish.

The train comprised a baggage car, a day coach and a parlor car. The first, McDevitt explained, was for his suitcase; the second for his valet; and the third for himself, his suite and a number of newspaper men whom he had invited to travel with him. At the head of this caravan, John J. McDevitt, after a speech to the cheering citizens, pulled out early in the afternoon for New York.

He had offered a reward of \$100 to the train crew for every five minutes cut from the record time between Wilkes-Barre and the larger city. But there were stops on the way. And at each of these McDevitt spoke to crowds gathered to see him. He said that he hoped they were entertained, adding, at Easton, "We'd give you an Uncle Tom's Cabin show tonight, but we've run out of dogs and ice."

At the Jersey City terminal, he called for taxicabs. "One for me physician," he explained, "one for me secretary, one for me head and one for me feet." He then proceeded to the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, to occupy a suite engaged for him. Among the letters and telegrams awaiting him there he found one which he said contained a threatening message from a Socialist. He tossed it aside. "I've no time to waste," he remarked, "with these workin' fellows."

With that, he began biting into the big sandwich he had come to New York to eat. To McDevitt it meant fine food and dollar cigars and entertainment. He did not drink. Nor did he seek adventure with women. "When they're around," he admitted, "I'm like a gent treading on ice without rubbers. I'm scared of them."

Upon his first evening he dined sumptuously at his hotel and then went to see George M. Cohan in "The Little Millionaire." Between the acts, McDevitt addressed the audience and presented to the star of the show a "Yankee Doodle Baton," a stick of anthracite spangled with flakes of sulphur. After the play he entertained Mr. Cohan at supper at Churchill's, and later himself was the celebrated actor's guest at

Rector's and the Friars' Club. The following day, and the last he could afford, what with his incessant ten-dollar tips and dollar cigars, McDevitt was welcomed by Raymond Hitchcock from the stage of the theatre where "The Red Widow" was playing. In the course of his response, the man from Wilkes-Barre announced his plight. "I've got \$8 left," he said. "Back to the mines for me. I'd go into bankruptcy, only it costs \$3, a clerk told me."

And back to the mines, later that evening, it was. Back at least to the mining country. McDevitt could have stayed longer, for his adventure had created something of a sensation and several theatrical offers had been made him. Some were as high as \$1,000 a week, he said. But he refused. "No," he said. "That's too much work. I just like to be a carefree youth running around in a handsome little red vest."

He was no youth then, but nearly forty. But he seemed carefree enough when he stepped off the train, just a plain train, at Wilkes-Barre the morning of January 14. In his pocket was \$1.53. The three cents he gave to a newsboy, and the rest to the porter who held his bag. He turned cheerfully toward the town.

"I'm back again," he said, "and I'm broke. But I've had my fling and I'm satisfied. But," he added, "I hope my taste for prunes is not forever spoiled."

On foot, and carrying his own suitcase, he set out for his home.

ABOUT the time of the American Civil War, there grew up in Poland a boy named Konrad Korzeniowski, the son of a provincial nobleman. Poland at that time was a dominion of Russia, but it was held subject to the rule of the Czar only by the exercise of rigorous measures of repression. The Polish language was forbidden to be taught in the schools and Polish customs and traditions were, wherever possible, denied observance. Against such edicts of their masters, the Poles fought back stubbornly but, of necessity, secretly. And no one was more active and devoted in the cause of keeping alive the fires of Polish patriotism than Konrad's father.

One result of the elder Korzeniowski's ardor in behalf of his country's freedom and, too, of a pronounced scholarly inclination which he had, was to educate his son at home. The boy must speak Polish and think Polish. He must, from infancy onward, be Polish, without any taint of Russian thought or sympathy.

As a consequence, Konrad's childhood was one as stern and cloistered almost as that of a novice in a monastery. He saw only his parents and the other members of the household, and his books. He had no companions of his own age, no one to play with. He grew up virtually a prisoner.

These constricting circumstances, together with his own eager mind and restless spirit, bred in the boy very early an intense hunger for freedom and for space, a longing to go to some place where movement would be unbounded. Hence, among his studies, none fascinated him so much as did geography. His eyes devoured maps, his lips murmured over and over again the names of far-away lands, and his heart quickened at the vision of himself standing some day in the very heart of a distant and mysterious continent.

This yearning took definite shape one day. He was about nine years old at the time. Looking through an atlas, he came upon a map of Africa and, after staring at it a while, he put his finger down in the very middle of the blank space representing the vast area of the Continent about which at that time little was known.

"When I grow up," he declared, "I shall go there." He emphasized the last word strongly, as if he were making a dot with

a pencil to show the exact place he meant.

This incident of his life, together with many others that followed, Korzeniowski has recorded, in letters and otherwise. But many other events were to come about before opportunity occurred for him to keep this confident promise to himself. Not long after it was uttered, his father brought exile upon the family for his seditious activities. They were sent to a distant part of Russia, and the anxiety and hardships of the life there left Konrad at the age of sixteen alone in the world. Alone, but free; and being free, he chose not to return to the captive world of Poland, but to find some sphere of life where he might work and act and speak in freedom.

The career to which he turned, in spite of the protests of bewildered relatives, was the sea. He went to Marseilles, learning there the rudiments of a sailor's trade; and then, as his experience and knowledge grew, he shipped out of French and, later, English ports on voyages that took him as far as South America and the Orient. Trustworthy and intelligent, he had at thirty his master's certificate in the British mercantile service.

In reaching that eminence, Korzeniowski had seen much. He had viewed the color and the glamour of the East, he had dropped anchor in many strange ports that before had been to him only names on a chart, he had weathered typhoons and sweated through the glassy calms of tropic oceans. One might suppose that the roving impulses of his childhood had been satisfied. And no doubt they had, many of them. But not all of them. Not the particular and strongest of them; and this fact came to light one day when, in London between voyages, Korzeniowski saw in a shop window a map of the Congo. His eyes found again the spot in it where he had put his small finger a quarter-century before, and over him swept again the desire to go there. Forthwith he resigned his connection with his British employers and set about finding a means of taking him to the heart of Africa.

It took him seven months to find it, but at the end of that time he had signed a contract with a company in Brussels to command a tiny river steamer plying between Kinchassa, on the Upper Congo, and Stanley Falls. The latter was the spot on the map.

Once committed to the adventure, Korzeniowski discovered many disquieting facts concerning his destination. On the voyage to Boma, on the African coast, a fellow traveler informed him that sixty per cent of the company's employes returned to Europe before they had completed even six months'

service; that those who managed to stay a year were sent home at the end of that time lest they die on the job and so spoil the statistics; and that only about one out of fifteen could endure the three years called for by the contract.

But he would not turn back. He landed at Boma on the 12th of June, 1890, proceeding thence by boat to Matadi, the end of navigation on the Lower Congo. From there he went on foot to Kinchassa, an exhausting stretch of parched grass and jungle and mountain country, of a hundred and fifty miles. All along the way, at frequent intervals, human skeletons tied to posts added a grisly touch to the journey. Another of the company's men took a fever on the way, and had to be carried; and this added burden caused the native porters to desert one after another at night. Before the end, Korzeniowski too became ill. But he survived and, after a rest at Kinchassa, set forth for the upper falls. It was September before he reached there, and he himself has written of the arrival.

"Away in the middle of the stream, on a little island nestling all black in the foam of the broken water, a solitary little light glimmered feebly, and I said to myself with awe, 'This is the very spot of my boyish boast.'"

HE did not stay long in the country. Repeated attacks of fever and broken promises on the part of his employers took from such attractions as the land offered. But something in his heart was appeased, something was accomplished which would permit him, without a twinge of thwarted longing, to go back to his old occupation. For all the unhappiness of certain aspects of the adventure, he said, "the fact remains that I have smoked a pipe of peace at midnight in the very heart of the African continent." His eyes had seen the place on earth which his finger, almost a generation before, had pointed out upon the map.

Although he may not have known it at the time, this penetration to the dark interior of the Continent must have eased all his hunger for wandering. For while he returned to the sea, he not long afterward left it for good. He settled in England and turned to writing. We know his books today as those which have appeared under his Anglicized name, Joseph Conrad.

Thus have three men of different races, of different circumstances, of different times, followed through to accomplishment what to each of them was the one great adventure of his life. We all of us at one time hold a vision of it. It is good to know that not all of us relinquish it.

Drowned Gold and Buried Treasure

(Continued from page 10)

of the putty was used for local window glazing. The alluring inscription was eventually erased by leather beaters in a Nova Scotian bookbinder's shop.

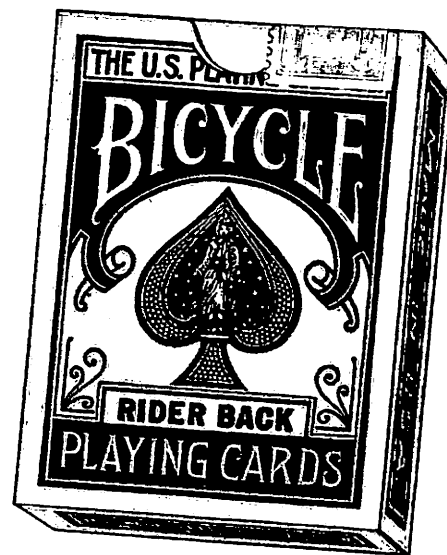
Years elapsed, until the great gold rush of 1849 centered treasure hunters' attention on California. Dr. Lynds and Vaughn were alive. The gold nearest home continued to appeal to them. They organized another Oak Island exploration company. As pumping did not clear the old shafts of water, they began to bore. Their auger went through a thick spruce platform at ninety-eight feet; then twelve inches of space; four inches of oak; twenty-two inches of soft metal pieces; eight inches of oak; twenty-two more inches of soft metal pieces; four inches of oak and six inches of spruce, then into clay, where nothing happened. The auger brought up slivers of wood and a small piece of gold chain. It gave them a cross-section of what was below, but nothing they could turn into money.

A second boring brought similar results, except that a layer of what appeared to be cocoanut fiber was penetrated. Attention was centered on the iron bolt, where water ran out of the beach sands at low tide. Workmen shoveled the beach sand away. A layer of cocoanut fiber was disclosed, 150 feet long, between high tide and low tide levels. Beneath three inches of fiber was a layer of eel grass, and below that a layer of stones. A subterranean stream was flooding the shafts. The exploration company abandoned its enterprise.

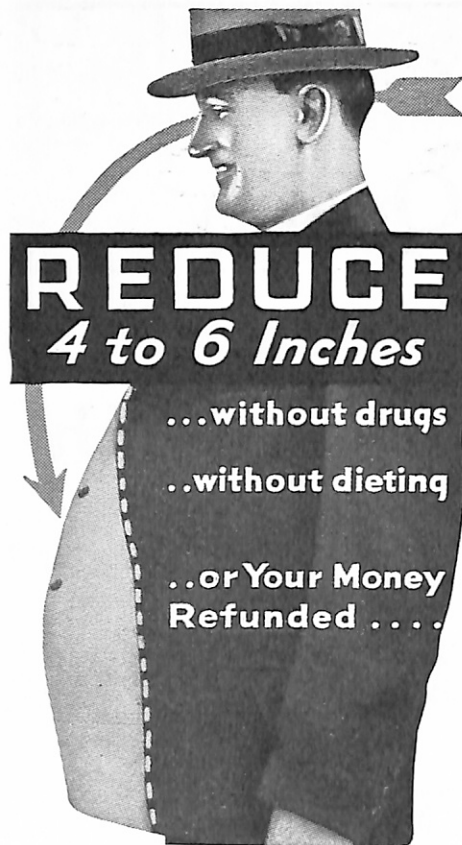
In 1896 old members and new assembled \$60,000 of capital, hired skilled engineers and went after the "two million pounds," scientifically. They sank twenty shafts around the original shaft, but deeper than they gone before. From this ring of shafts they drove tunnels, in the hope of draining the money pit by tapping the stream which had defeated their efforts in other years.

(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

Their augers brought up more signs of money, but their own money was spent before they could recover the millions.

Exploration companies are regularly organized in attempts to determine whether pirates did go to such extraordinary lengths to hide their plunder from eighteenth century hijackers or honest citizens, or whether the whole Oak Island business can be charged to a wealthy, departed lunatic. Some day, some one may wind up this story.

As any one knows who has journeyed through Latin America, the regions between the Rio Grande and southern Bolivia are rich in legends of buried treasure. I have been often tempted in my travels to join a treasure hunting party. As when an American, armed with a chart given him by a Mexican woman, unearthed from the ruins of an underground chapel at Torres Junction, Sonora, Mexico, Spanish gold coins and bars of silver valued at \$750,000.

The Spanish *conquistadores* who followed Columbus were after treasure, and found it. A fifth of their findings belonged to their king. His Majesty may not have received the full sum to which he was royally entitled, but he acquired enough millions from Latin America to permit him to dominate western Europe and found the greatest empire of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And, although Cortez, Pizarro and their minions robbed and pillaged mercilessly, they left huge quantities of gold and silver beneath the surface of the regions conquered in Mexico, Central and South America. The buccaneers also left caches equivalent to kings' ransoms.

Much of the loot from Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia was carried across the Isthmus of Panama to European bound treasure ships. Hence Panama remains the home of El-dorados.

Some day some one may chance on the 57,000 pounds of silver hastily buried in Panama by Sir Francis Drake, just as a Nebraska farmer plowed up a silver-mounted stirrup in his cornfield, and traced it back to the redoubtable Coronado, who, leading an expedition in search of the fabled golden cities of our Southwest, got as far north as the Platte River.

There have been cases where two quiet prospectors have gotten away with a world of loot by locating the cache and removing it. But in most instances treasure hunts are elaborately organized and just as elaborately supplied with money. Just south of Panama is Colombia, whose natives, when the Spaniards found them, valued gold only for ornament but used it lavishly. The aboriginal Colombians had many picturesque customs. For example, when a new chieftain or Indian cacique was launched on his career, he covered his body with gold dust, dived into the sacred lake at Gustavita and was washed clean during the ceremony. The myriads who watched this purification tossed gold and jewels into the lake until about \$5,000,000 worth had accumulated.

The Spaniards who conquered and slaughtered the Colombian Indians yearned for but could not get this wealth of gifts to the lake's goddess. Within this generation capable engineers have spent \$75,000 tunneling into and draining the lake, which was forty-six feet deep and more than two miles in diameter. The got very little for their pains. The treasure had sunk deeply during the centuries. The lake bottom mud caked in the sun. An enterprise—beside which the recovery of Caligula's barges from Lake Nemi, Italy, is insignificant—was almost a total loss financially. A few jewels were discovered, but of relatively small value.

Yet—perhaps "got very little for their pains" is an understatement. The treasure hunters at Lake Guatavita had some narrow escapes in sluicing the lake through a tunnel driven into a mountain at a depth of

seventy-five feet below the lake's surface. Members of the Louis Morgan expedition who journeyed from San Francisco to the Canal Zone in a forty-foot auxiliary launch were expecting to find not only pieces of eight and golden doubloons but also the "bushmaster," more venomous than our rattler and quicker than the hooded cobra. Some of the workmen at Oak Island were so nearly drowned when their works were flooded that they were permanently cured of treasure hunting.

The hundreds who have sought for Atahualpa's gold in the Ecuadorian Andes know how it feels to have a burrow lean over the edge of a precipice and, looking a thousand feet down to a raging torrent, shooze nonchalantly and reach for some herbage. They also know the sensations enjoyed by a mountain climber when part of the mountain tries to slide on him. Yet since the Spanish conquest in the fifteenth century, dare-devils have sought that gold. If they find it they will find millions, cleverly hidden from the Spaniards.

When Pizarro and his bloody ruffians seized and imprisoned the reigning Inca, Atahualpa, they promised to release the religious and political head of 15,000,000 well-organized and half-civilized Indians if Atahualpa would fill with gold, to the "stature of a man and a half," a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide, worth \$10,000,000 in our money; and if he would also place \$10,000,000 worth of silver in an adjoining room of his prison. At the command of their august ruler Indian runners brought precious metals from plains and valleys. But when Atahualpa had assembled this princely ransom he was coldly strangled by his captors.

Thereafter the natives concealed their gold and silver. An authentic map of the region in which this treasure hides has been examined by many engineers, miners and adventurers. A trail on this map leads to the cave in which the Atahualpa El Dorado has lain since the murdered Inca's subjects hurried over mountains and plains to bury it where no metal-mad invaders would ever find it. This cache may be worth \$50,000,000.

You follow the trail until you come to a certain mountain. At that point things have gone wrong for every expedition which has tried to solve this Andean mystery. Some of the searchers have gone beyond the mountains, thinking they might pick up the trail in the lowlands. One of these searchers was an engineer, a brawny fellow with a bright red beard. He never came back, but his head appeared in Guayaquil, Ecuador, many months later. It appeared in Guayaquil mysteriously. Old friends of the engineer recognized the head, though it was shrunken to a fourth of its original size. The beard was the same, as were the shrunken features. The head hunters of Lowland Ecuador had got him.

NEAR the junction of the Kato and Sacambaya Rivers in Bolivia is a hill which becomes an island in the rainy season. Somewhere in that hill lies about \$60,000,000 worth of gold mined by Jesuits during the decade ending in 1778 and secreted by them when they were compelled by royal decree to return to Spain. After they had carefully concealed the treasure they were not allowed to take home with them, they poisoned their 280 native workmen, thus leaving the gold but no knowledge of its whereabouts, except the knowledge they carried with them.

Yet Father Gregario of the Jesuit order left a description of the hiding place with a relative in Lima. This description has survived the centuries. A copy has reached the hands of English explorers. The gold is buried near ruins of the monastery of Plazuela. These ruins have been identified. According to this description the cache is on

"a steep hill, heavily timbered, the top of which is flat, with long grass growing, where you will see, on the summit, in the middle of the grass, a large stone, shaped like an egg, so big that it took 500 Indians to place it there. If you will dig underneath the stone for 113 feet you will find the roof of a large cave which took 500 Indians two and a half years to hollow out."

This description is in Spanish. Two compartments and a long, narrow passage are described. By opening a large iron door, a solid gold image of the Virgin may be found. It is three feet high and has two large diamonds for eyes. Beyond this image are thirty-seven heaps of gold and silver, as well as many ornaments and precious stones. Elsewhere are other heaps of gold and a box in which are "thirty bays of gold and 90,000 duros reales in silver money." Farther on are 160 heaps of gold "of which the value has been estimated at 60,000,000 duros reales."

But there is enough poison in these underground rooms "to kill a regiment of the King"; and the cache is forty miles through wild jungle and mountain country far from any semblance of civilization. Yet a Dr. Edgar Sanders has discovered in an adjoining hill a square-shaped stone structure and a tunnel, which he takes to be the secondary entrance to this Jesuit hoard. This tunnel leads toward the monastery of Plazuela. The tunnel roof is a little above the level of a river during the dry season.

Dr. Sanders began to dig into the half-filled tunnel entrance. He soon came upon a silver crucifix. A few feet beyond the crucifix he found an old parchment which, translated, bid all intruders beware because "This place is dedicated to God Almighty and a dolorous death awaits the one who dares to enter, and, in the world where he goes, eternal damnation." Before Dr. Sanders could go much farther the rains made an island of the hill and flooded the tunnel in which he was working. But he and his associates are once more on the way to this buried treasure. If they find it they will have to get it out to where they will have the protection of the Bolivian government. But there are the forty miles of wilderness in which only Indians or outlaws wander. Hijacking was in vogue long before we had prohibition.

It does not take much of a clew to start a treasure hunt in the sea, on an island or right at home. Robert Stone of 107 Oak Street, New Rochelle, N. Y., had to call on the police to stop a negro mother and her son from digging in Stone's pet cornfield on the supposition that gold and silver were buried there. Half a thousand gold hunters swarmed over newly filled land on the banks of the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, and successfully combatted police and truck drivers because some one discovered old coins in the dirt. Because an old tradition had the late Mr. Blackbeard burying his piratical plunder near a walnut tree on or near the property of Mrs. Florence E. Steward, 217 Wood Street, Burlington, N. J., and because some children found an old skull in a nearby excavation, the neighbors came close to carrying away Mrs. Steward's real property. Discovery of a cache of bones whetted the appetite of the diggers until a hard-boiled veterinary credited the bones to a cow.

Even the Federal Government is not exempt from the demand for buried treasure. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey spends about \$300 cash to set stone and concrete marker posts flush with the landscape in various parts of this country. About 40,000 such posts have been placed to assist surveyors in running land lines. But many hundreds have been dug up by gold hunters on the mistaken assumption that the small bronze plate bearing a triangle and

(Continued on page 46)

How Can I-a Business Man-Really Learn Law at Home?

YOU are not alone in asking that. Practically every man has seen where knowing law would have helped his success. The structure of business is held together by legal relations—and the man who knows law has a distinct advantage—for himself and his firm.

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But whether you want law for personal and business values, or intend to prepare for a bar examination, the same problem confronts you. How can you acquire that knowledge?

You can't go back to school or spend years in a law office. But there is one road open to you—home study—a road that some of the greatest leaders have traveled—men like Lincoln, Grant, Disraeli, John Marshall, Coolidge—who mastered this important subject in hours that otherwise would have been wasted.

It can be done, of course—thousands have done it—yet what you want to know is—can you reasonably hope to do it? Will it hold your interest, or will you find it drudgery? And—most important of all—will you really benefit by it?

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Second: Out of this experience in training so many, LaSalle naturally has perfected the material and methods of teaching law by home study. No matter what your situation, your handicap, your education, your needs and desires, etc.—we have already trained some man in similar circumstances.

A Most Remarkable Law Library

Third: Since text books are of such importance in any study of law, the LaSalle Law Library was prepared by more than twenty law professors—leading teachers in our greatest residential law schools—and three lawyers. Five of these professors—including the editor-in-chief

—have been deans of their schools. One of the editors is now president of a great state university. Also, among the writers of the special lectures are two U. S. Senators, a former U. S. attorney-general, and a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York.

More, these men—in preparing this Library—kept in mind always that it was to be used for home study. They knew it was for men like you—busy men who would study it at night, on trains, in spare moments in offices or stores—men who must find it clear and engaging, yet complete and reliable. So they wrote directly, simply, interestingly.

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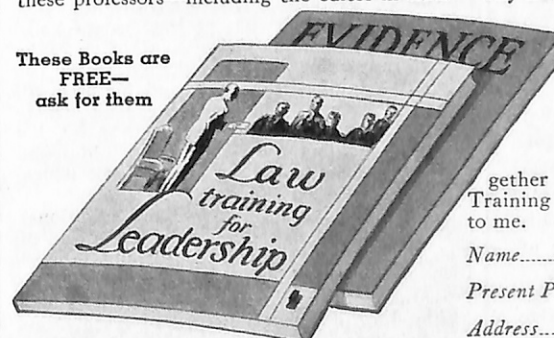
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To All Members

CONGRESS has just enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address filed with the Post-office.

This law will place an annual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member will immediately notify THE ELKS MAGAZINE or his Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary in this regard, and notify him at once of your new address.

(Continued from page 45)

"U.S.C.S." on top of each post is a code location for a buried treasure. Which proves the hunters have not read their Edgar Allen Poe or Robert Louis Stevenson, for pirates' hoards are traditionally buried so many feet from such and such a spot, preferably a tree or stone or some natural landmark.

So many posts have been moved by gold hunters that new ones are topped with a bronze plate carrying a triangle and circle, plus "U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Triangulation Station. For information write to the Director, Washington, D. C. \$250 fine or imprisonment for disturbing this mark." This new type of post remains inviolate. Some treasure hunters have self-control. But when you live and move and have your being in a region redolent of glamorous stories centered on the caching of gold in enormous quantities it is difficult to resist a hunting spree.

No one who has read Prescott and lived in the Peruvian Andes can forget that the people who built Cuzco and other Inca cities—whose uncemented walls of tremendous stones have stood for a thousand years in spite of earthquakes, fire and pillage—used gold for cornices and gutters and possessed astounding quantities of the metal. A merely superficial student recalls that the conquering Spaniards, although they robbed the region of cartloads of gold, only scratched the surface of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia before frightened natives secreted

the yellow metal which armed invaders murdered myriads for.

Some of these caches have been uncovered, but the eastern side of the Andes is still virgin country. There is more unexplored territory in South America than in any other of the continents. Somewhere in this unexplored territory must be many El Dorados. It is almost impossible to ignore this feeling in the soaring highlands of Peru. Hence, when Harold Foard of Bramwell, W. Va., and his pal, Thomas J. Walsh of Chicago, lost their jobs because a Peruvian copper mine ceased to function, they decided to explore the eastern Andes for gold, particularly near a little village called Monzon, Ecuador. They were going to look for healing herbs, too, but free gold, well hidden, was the primary attraction.

Alone in the tropical jungle when their canoe was smashed, they began to weaken for lack of food. Foard was the stronger and did the foraging. One day when he returned to Walsh, the latter was dying. Foard remained two days with the body of his companion, then dug a shallow grave with a knife and buried him. After wandering and starving several days, Foard was rescued by a native. Foard is back in his home town, permanently. His late mate in the hunt for hidden gold lies in the jungle which claimed him. There are myriads of Walshes. There are myriads of others whose names are unknown in the long history of hunting for drowned gold and buried treasure.

The Culbertson Four-Five No Trump Convention

(Continued from page 19)

warns partner that any further bidding is done at his risk.

One important point to remember in using this bid is that high card tricks alone are not all that are necessary. You must have strength enough to guarantee five tricks in some suit even if you get a discouraging response as outlined in "D" above. If on this hand: Spades A-8, Hearts A-K-J-7-4-3, Diamonds K-8-4, Clubs 9-2, you had opened with one Heart and your partner bid three Diamonds, you bid three Hearts and your partner bid four Hearts, you would bid four No Trump.

If the bidding proceeded as above and you held the following hand: Spades A-8-4, Hearts A-K-7-4-3, Diamonds 8-4-3, Clubs 9-2, you should pass the four Heart bid. You have the necessary two Aces and the King of a bid suit, but your hand is not strong enough to guarantee a contract of five odd.

In making a five No Trump bid you say to your partner, "I have three Aces and a King of a suit bid by us." When a player bids four No Trump and, regardless of his partner's response, follows with five No Trump, he says he has at least three—and, preferably, all four—Aces.

In responding to this bid:

A—Holding the Ace and undisclosed strength, bid seven in a suit which has been supported.

B—Holding the Ace and no additional strength, bid six in some suit which has been supported.

C—Lacking an Ace or any additional values sign off with a bid of six in the lowest valued suit bid by the partnership.

Another very useful convention which gives the information needed to reach slams is the jump rebid of your own suit. When you are the original bidder and open with one in a suit, and your partner responds with a forcing bid, you may jump rebid your suit if it is at least six cards long

and contains no more than one loser, and further when you have an Ace on the side for entry purposes.

Suppose you opened the bidding with one spade on the following hand: Spades A-K-J-10-9-5, Hearts A-7-6, Diamonds 9, Clubs Q-J-2, and your partner forced with three Diamonds. You should bid four spades. This tells your partner that you have at least a six-card suit with only one loser, and an Ace for reentry that should be very valuable to him either in working toward a slam or in bidding the slam himself.

YOU were asked in the February issue to give your version of the correct bidding and play of the following hand: Contract bridge; North and South vulnerable; South dealer:

♠ A-J-10-7-5-3			
♥ 8-6-4			
♦ K-J			
♣ Q-J			
♠ Q-9-8-6			
♥ A-K-Q			
♦ 8-5-3			
♣ 7-5-4			
	♠ K-4		
	♥ 7-3-2		
	♦ A-Q-10-9		
	♣ A-K-10-9		

Any system of bidding will permit you to arrive at four Spades. The following is very logical:

South	West	North	East
1 ♦	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 ♣	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
3 ♣*	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

*The support of Spades at this point is perfectly proper as North has rebid them.

The main reason for publishing this hand is to prove myself a bridge editor. All

bridge editors must give their readers a sample of a double Grand Coup now and then or they lose caste. The truth of the matter is that this particular play occurs so seldom that even the smart ones usually overlook it. The average fairly good bridge player can go for years without having the opportunity to make the play, or without recognizing it if he should happen to get the right combination of cards.

In the Grand Coup good tricks are trumped in one hand in order to reduce the trump holding to the same number as that held by one of the opponents. A double Grand Coup is where the trumping has to be done twice.

In the play of this hand East would lead the Jack of Hearts and West would cash his three Heart tricks. To dodge leading up to a tenace in the dummy at trick four, West should lead a small trump. This trick is taken by the Spade ten in the closed hand. At trick five East shows out of trumps and the declarer realizes that West has the Queen guarded. In order to trap West's Queen he must eliminate two trumps from his hand.

To tricks six and seven, Diamonds are played and won by South. A good Diamond is returned on the eighth trick, despite which North trumps. He then puts the South hand in with a Club so that the last good Diamond may be led from dummy. This Diamond the declarer also trumps. A Club is led back at trick eleven which is won in the dummy and a Club returned. No matter what West plays North will win the last two tricks with his tenace in trumps.

FOLLOWING is the February double-dummy problem on play:

♠ 5-3
♥ None
♦ K-6-4-3
♣ 8

♠ Q-6-4
♥ 10
♦ Q-10-8
♣ None

W	N	E
	S	

♠ J-7
♥ Q-3
♦ A-5
♣ 7

♠ 10-8
♥ 8-2
♦ J-9-7
♣ None

Hearts are trump. South has the lead and can take five of the seven tricks against any defense. The solution is as follows:

South leads the three of Hearts which West takes with the ten. North discards the eight of Clubs. West leads the eight of Diamonds (the Diamond lead is forced as a Spade lead would set up a Spade with South) which South wins with the Ace, returning the Queen of Hearts. West discards a small Spade and North a small Diamond. At trick four the seven of Clubs is led, West discarding the six of Spades, North the six of Diamonds and West the nine of Diamonds. At trick five South leads the seven of Spades which West takes with the Queen and returns a Diamond. North wins with the King and returns a Spade to South's Jack for the last trick.

If West discards a Diamond at trick four instead of a Spade, North will discard a Spade. If East also discards a Diamond South will lead the five of Diamonds and North will cash the King and six. Should East discard a Spade, South enters the North hand with a Diamond and leads a Spade back. South goes up with the Jack, forcing West's Queen, and as West must return a Spade, South takes the last trick with the seven.

More correct solutions were sent in to the problems this month than have been received during any other month. There
(Continued on page 48)

Do You Know . . .

How confessions are secured
The famous poisoning cases
Tests used to judge whether murder or suicide
How to use clues
The methods of thieves
The methods of detection
What are sex crimes
Scotland Yard secrets
The art of shadowing
How stranglers work

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(Continued from page 47)

would have been even more if every one who replied had worked out both problems. A great many only submit the answer to one problem. In order to win a prize you must give the correct versions of *both* problems.

I want to thank everybody who has been sending in problems. They have helped a lot. Don't get discouraged if you do not see yours in print right away. Some of them I will surely use. A great many cannot be used because they are confined to bidding only and do not contain a problem in play.

Following is a list of the prize winners who correctly bid and played both of the problems in the January issue:

D. J. Carey, Burkburnett, Texas, Lodge.
Antonio Marafioti, Ticonderoga, New York, Lodge.
John McCarthy, Sharon, Pa., Lodge.
Eugene I. Hecht, Milton, Pa., Lodge.
C. W. Bridenthal, Kendallville, Ind., Lodge.
Ben Comenitz, Davenport, Iowa, Lodge.

J. W. Boren, Marinette, Wis., Lodge.
C. L. Hood, Glendive, Mont., Lodge.
Robin M. Pate, Brownsville, Texas, Lodge.
E. L. Brookins, Des Moines, Iowa, Lodge.
J. Balfour Miller, Natchez, Miss., Lodge.
Carl A. Semrich, Watertown, Wis., Lodge.
Chas. H. Smith, Macon, Ga., Lodge.
E. H. Gibson, Coldwater, Mich., Lodge.
Albert G. Maisch, Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge.
Frank L. Ziegler, Hanover, Pa., Lodge.
Benjamin S. Kaplan, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge.
Geo. O. Ferguson, Tampa, Fla., Lodge.
Geo. S. Curtis, Paterson, N. J., Lodge.
W. W. Alexander, Concordia, Kans., Lodge.
A. G. Rutherford, Altoona, Pa., Lodge.
S. A. Zimmerman, Valley City, N. Dak., Lodge.
Joseph A. Spliedt, Muskegon, Mich., Lodge.
Edward J. Forness, Salamanca, New York, Lodge.
R. L. Richards, Detroit, Mich., Lodge.
E. P. Hubbell, Washington, D. C., Lodge.
A. J. Scheineman, Sterling, Ill., Lodge.

H. H. Newmark, Louisville, Ky., Lodge.
R. H. Sandon, Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge.
Dr. P. R. Pinard, Yankton, S. Dak., Lodge.
Edmund F. Sullivan, Norwood, Mass., Lodge.
Henry J. Radin, Elmira, N. Y., Lodge.
Ernest L. Walker, Mount Pleasant, Pa., Lodge.
J. L. Cummings, Huron, S. Dak., Lodge.
Henry C. Neff, Adams, Mass., Lodge.
George F. Murray, Holyoke, Mass., Lodge.
Geo. C. Barner, Memphis, Tenn., Lodge.
J. Campbell Palmer, III, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge.
Frank Munroe, Sedalia, Mo., Lodge.
Thomas Noonan, Valley City, N. Dak., Lodge.
Dr. W. J. Salisbury, Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge.
Charles W. Gamwell, Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge.
Ray J. Storm, Alameda, Calif., Lodge.
C. Fred Vollmer, Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge.
E. M. Brennan, Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 29)

with the radio used by the Lodge for the reception of his speech and the Elks nationwide broadcast. The radio will be shipped to Seattle and installed in Mr. Meier's home.

Following his address to Chicago Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the Dearborn Street Station where he and Grand Secretary Masters entrained for Kansas City, Mo. They arrived there at eleven o'clock in the morning and went into immediate conference with the Convention Committee of Kansas City Lodge No. 26, relative to the Grand Lodge Convention to be held there this coming July.

ACCOMPANIED by District Deputy Stanley J. Shook and Dr. W. H. Lyman, Exalted Ruler of Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier left Kansas City on the morning of November 13 and proceeded to Lawrence, Kans., where he was greeted by a number of members before going to the luncheon to be given in his honor by Lawrence Lodge, No. 595. Among those in attendance at the luncheon were Past District Deputy W. H. McKone, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Past District Deputy F. W. McDonald and a large number of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers.

Following the luncheon and the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, Mr. Meier motored to Topeka where he visited two members of Topeka Lodge, Seward Jones and Past State President W. O. Anderson, both of whom were ill. Following these visits he was received at the Capitol by Governor Alfred M. Landon, a member of Independence, Kans., Lodge, No. 780.

That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a dinner held in the Jayhawk Hotel, attended by Exalted Ruler Lyman and several of his officers; District Deputy Shook; Past State President Walter E. Gage; William H. Hunt, Exalted Ruler of Independence Lodge, and Fred Beckley, Exalted Ruler of Osawatimie Lodge, No. 921. A Lodge meeting was then held at which a class of candidates was initiated, with about 150 members in attendance, including Past State President W. R. Falkner.

The next morning, Tuesday, November 14, Mr. Meier and Mr. Shook arrived at Manhattan, Kans., Lodge, No. 1185, where a group of members were waiting to receive them. The Grand Exalted Ruler gave

a short but interesting talk there before hurrying on to Junction City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1037, where he addressed the score or more members who had assembled there. His next visit was to Salina, Kans., Lodge, No. 718, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon. Among those who enjoyed the Grand Exalted Ruler's address were District Deputy Wayne H. Lamoreux and a group of prominent city officials.

Upon leaving Salina Lodge, accompanied by District Deputy Lamoreux and Past Exalted Ruler Charles Lischsky of Great Bend Lodge, Mr. Meier stopped to pay a brief call on the members of McPherson, Kans., Lodge, No. 502. The party was met at the outskirts of the city by a delegation of members with a band and the local Boy Scout Troop, and a procession escorted it through the main street of McPherson, the parade terminating at the Home of the Lodge, where Mr. Meier spoke to the two hundred people assembled there.

Later he was driven across the wheat plains of Kansas to Great Bend. At the outskirts of the city he was met by a number of the members of Great Bend Lodge, No. 1127, as well as the Mayor and several of the police force, and escorted to the Lodge Home. Shortly afterward, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were taken to the Country Club, where Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a dinner attended by 250 people, consisting of members of the Elk Lodge, the Rotary and Lions' Clubs, and the Chamber of Commerce. Among the prominent members of the Order present were District Deputy Lamoreux and Mr. Lischsky; Lou F. Goerman, Secretary of the Kansas State Elks Association; and Past District Deputies H. Glenn Boyd, W. B. Greenwald and John Steuri.

Following the dinner, the company returned to the Lodge Home where a meeting was held and a class of candidates initiated. Mr. Meier delivered another address at the meeting. Hutchinson, Wichita, Salina, Newton, McPherson, Pratt, Garden City and Wellington Lodges were represented.

GRAND EXALTED RULER MEIER arrived in Denver, Colo., on November 15, and was greeted at the station by a reception committee composed of Governor Edwin C. Johnson; Supreme Court Justice Haslett Burke; Past State President Joseph

P. Shevlin; and many prominent citizens, and taken under motorcycle escort to the Brown Palace Hotel. In the afternoon Exalted Ruler Jacob L. Sherman drove the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of Longmont Lodge, No. 1055, where a Lodge meeting had been called for four o'clock. A class of eight candidates was initiated. Dinner was followed by an elaborate parade.

At eight P. M. a Lodge meeting was again called with 350 members present, among whom were Governor Johnson; State President H. D. Tobey; State Secretary W. P. Hurley; District Deputies Max F. Marsau, and Thomas G. McGrath, of Colorado, and G. S. Pitchford of Wyoming; Past State Presidents George L. Hamlik, Gray Secor, and Byron Albert, and Past District Deputies R. A. McTaggart, O. J. Fisher, Hugh Mark, and H. D. Ingalls. The Exalted Rulers of Boulder, Brighton, Greeley, Sterling and Denver Lodges were also present, as were many prominent officials of Longmont. Following the Longmont meeting Mr. Meier returned to Denver for the night.

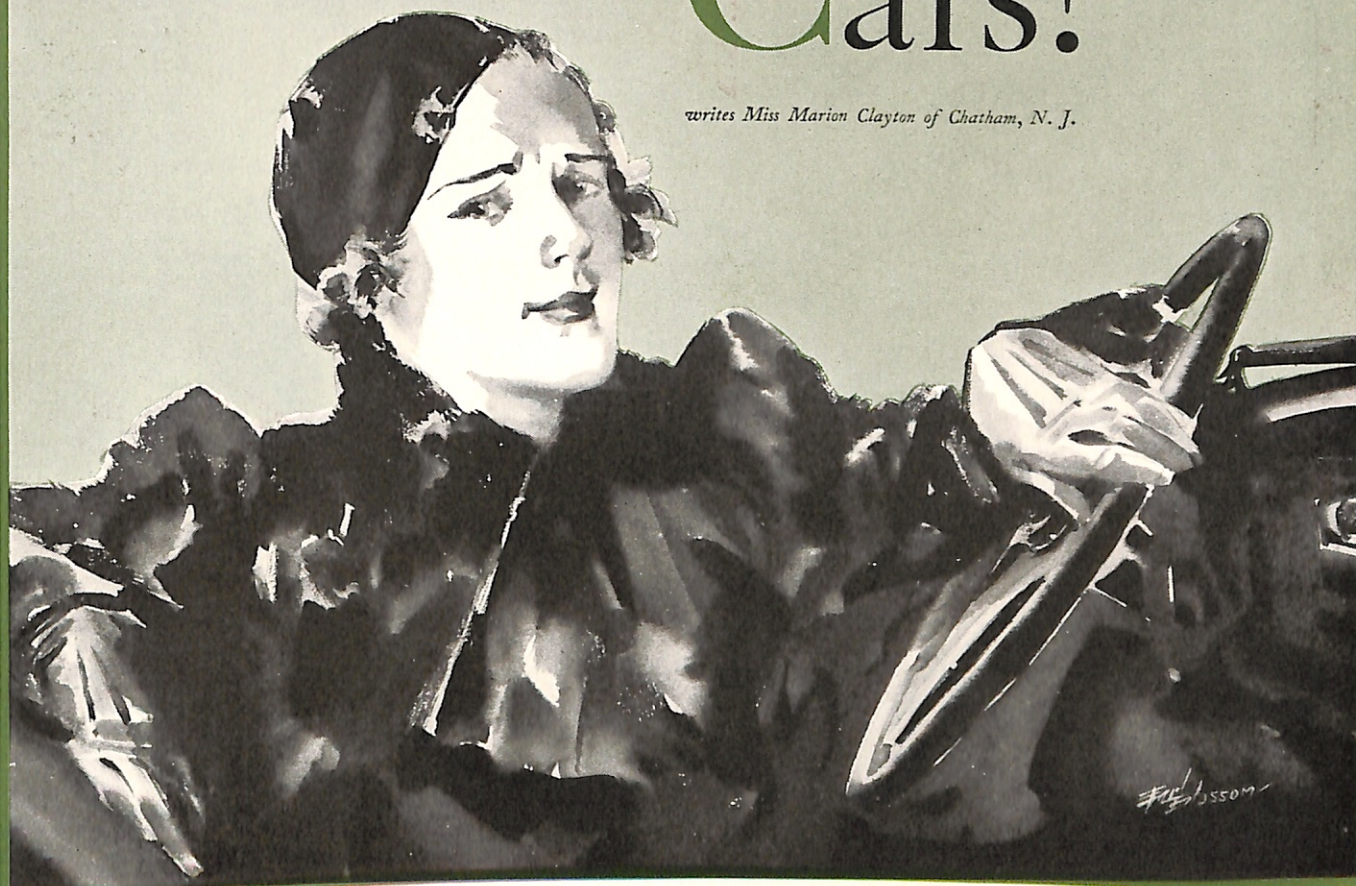
On the morning of November 16 he proceeded to Brighton, Lodge, No. 1586, to be guest of honor at a luncheon with a large representation of the membership. President Tobey and Past President Hamlik were also present, with many Past Exalted Rulers of Brighton Lodge and all of the officers.

DENVER Lodge entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at a banquet that evening at the Brown Palace Hotel. Among those assembled were Governor Johnson and State President Tobey; and District Deputy for Colorado South Malcolm MacDonald, a Past President of the Colorado State Elks Association.

At the conclusion of the subsequent Lodge meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a handsome silver carving set in commemoration of the fact that 1933 marked the silver wedding anniversary of the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier—a year which he has spent largely in traveling up and down and across the United States, visiting as many Elk Lodges as he can reach in his race against time and space. The welcome manner in which he has been received throughout the land is highly gratifying to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

"So We Don't Know Much About Cars!"

writes Miss Marion Clayton of Chatham, N. J.



*An exact quotation from Miss Marion Clayton's letter. R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal).

"I'M TIRED of hearing it said that women don't understand about cars. I know at least a half dozen girls who can coax as much out of a motor as any man."

We know them, too, Miss Clayton. And that story you wrote us about your own car certainly makes you one of them:

"My Chevy has just turned 35,000 miles. And it wasn't on shopping trips! Four coast-to-coast runs! Six weeks in the Rockies! Every sort of hard driving. I have kept a careful record of motor repairs, and these have cost me just \$4.95. Not bad for a mere woman, eh? But seriously, I'm sure it would have been a different story without Quaker State. I've never used any other oil!"*

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In every gallon of ordinary motor oil, there is one quart, more or less, of thin, watery "light-end" material. This burns up rapidly, vanishes without doing a real lubricating job. You pay for lubrication you do not get.

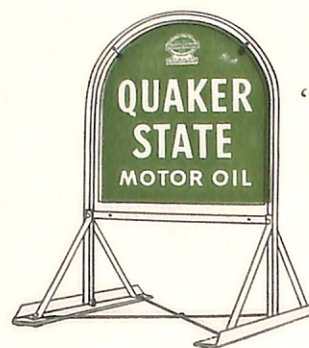
In every gallon of Quaker State there are four quarts of motor lubrication. No "light-end" material. It's all taken out at the refinery. Your engine gets constant lubrication. Piston-rings show less wear. Bearings function properly.

Costs less per year

For the same number of crankcase fillings, Quaker State costs just a little more than ordinary oil. (About \$2.94 more per year for the average motorist.) But, obviously, since Quaker State contains four full quarts

of lubrication to the gallon, you don't have to add oil so often. Thus, over any reasonable period of time, your oil bill, with Quaker State, is actually less than with ordinary oils.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from refinery-sealed 1-quart and 5-quart cans or from double-sealed drums. Also, ask for Quaker State Superfine Greases. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pennsylvania.



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pected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

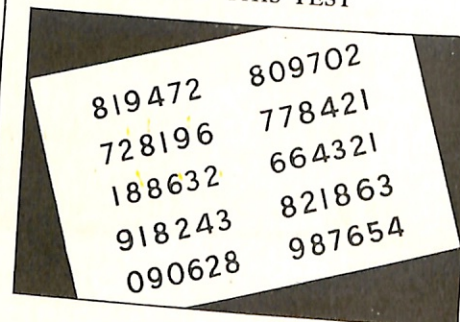
For Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how steadily you smoke.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



How are YOUR nerves? TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

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CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES